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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

A Gloria Ad Gloriam, O Columbia!

Hark! the voice of th' ages, telling
Us, from glory, on, to go;
Songs of God-giv'n greatness, swelling,
Tell of glory yet to know:
On, Columbia! Heav'n's blest nation!
Heed thy mission! Know thy goal!
On, from high to higher station,
While the centuries shall roll!

Nations wait in expectation,
Wondering what thy fate shall be;
Prophecy, of brightest vision,
Look to find fulfilled in thee;
Since thy God from tyrants saved thee,
And on flag was lifted up;
Millions bless thy banner daily;
Yes, they hail thee as their hope.

There's a rare and wondrous flower
Blooming red, and white, and blue;
Petals white at morning hour,
Though by night a bluish hue;
When, at noon, its perfume saith,
Then, behold, that flow'r is red!
Heed the flower, glory waiteth,
Till thy sun shines high o'erhead!

Freedom's day is still its morning,
Shadows still its skies o'ercast;
Bright, the zenith's glories gloring,
Gleam some stars of th' night o'erpass;
But the skies are growing brighter,
And the warmth and glow we feel;
And the hearts of men are lighter,
As they escape the tyrant's heel.

On! the world thy glory knoweth!
On! the hope of freedom, thou!
On! till where thy banner goeth,
Men no more to tyrants bow!
On! thou child of love's enthronement!
On! thou pledge of weal to men!
On! thou promise of th' atonement,
Earth shall find with heaven again!

On! thy mission is decreed!
On to th' banishment of wrong!
On till righteousness and peace shall
Kiss, and then burst forth in song!
On to nobler, grander station!
On till heaven shall spare the rod!
On till th' glory of the nation
Is the glory of our God!

SAN DIEGO, ALBERT MATSON.

A DISAPPOINTMENT TO THE CONFEDERACY.

BY REV. S. H. WILLEY, D.D.

For the first time I am reading Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress." The story of that twenty years includes that of our civil war. And as he tells it, in the graphic detail of an eye witness, the tremendous difficulties our government had to overcome in the beginning were so many and great that one can hardly read of them with composure. It is like living through a nightmare, happily to find it in the end to be but a frightful dream. We did succeed. The nation was saved. The rebellion was put down. And now many who were then in arms against the government are free to say, "Your victory was our victory."

Speaking of the time immediately subsequent to Mr. Lincoln's first election, when Southern States were beginning to secede, Mr. Blaine says: "The loyal adherence of the Pacific States to the National Government was a profound disappointment to the confederate Jefferson Davis had expected, with a confidence amounting to certainty, and based, it is believed, on personal pledges that the Pacific Coast, if it did not actually join the South, would be disloyal to the Union, and would, from its remoteness and its superlative importance, require a large contingent of the national forces to hold it in subjection."

This brings back vividly to mind the fact that there was here good ground for Mr. Jefferson Davis' expectation. A large portion of our population was from the South. The Democratic party was in power. Southern men almost exclusively filled the offices. And although California was a free State, its Senators and Representatives had always voted with the South on all test questions as against the North.

While the Southern States were, one by one, seceding, and the Confederacy was forming, the eyes of loyal people in California were intensely fixed on what was going on at the East, and especially in Washington, not thinking that the matter of rebellion against the Government here at home needed attention. But it did need attention, as we have since learned, and the ground of Jefferson Davis' confidence in the secession sentiment here is plain enough now. An organization of seven hundred Southern men of secession proclivities was at that time secretly formed, with the object of taking the State out of the Union. Some of them visited Alcatraz, accompanied by ladies, to avoid suspicion, and so were allowed to examine the guns and see how they could be brought to bear on San Francisco, on the Custom House, on the Mint, and the banks. They visited Benicia in the same way, and were shown through the Arsenal, and were permitted to examine what arms and ammunition the Government had there. All this information was carefully noted by them, and made ready

for use when the moment for action should come.

They selected their leader. It was Colonel Charles Doane, at that time sheriff of San Francisco. He was of their political party, and coming here from New Orleans, they supposed him to be an out and out Southern man. A delegation of them waited on him, made known to him their plans, showed him the list of seven hundred pledged men; assured him of the responsible money backing, pledged till they could take possession of that in the Custom House and Mint, and everything was declared to be ready for action at once if he would be the leader. He replied to them that the proposition was one of such gravity that he must take time for consideration, and proposed to give them his answer at 2:30 o'clock on the following day.

The delegation had, however, mistaken their man. Colonel Charles Doane could not be tempted into secession. He had lived in the South, but was Northern born, and loyal to the backbone. He took time to think how he could serve his country in this critical matter.

Walking out of the city, he wandered alone among the hills, thinking what course to pursue to thwart the secession plans. In his mind he went over the names of all the men he knew who might be in a position to rally a loyal force sufficient to put down these treasonable plans. At last he fixed upon Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson as a man of undoubted loyalty, of military experience, holding a position of influence sufficiently strong to enable him to lead in some plan. That night, at midnight, he went to Colonel Stevenson's house, and rang him up. He made known to him all the details of the situation. He showed him the list of conspirators pledged to the secession work. He asked him if he would undertake the work of preventing their success. This, after some thought, Colonel Stevenson promised to do, if possible. After Colonel Doane left he spent the remainder of the night determining what he would do. In the morning he went to David Scannell, Chief of the Fire Department, and made known to him the facts as above detailed, and asked him if the "fire boys" could be depended on in an emergency like this. Chief Scannell entered into the plan at once, and promised to ascertain what the firemen would do, and report to him at the northwest corner of Commercial and Montgomery streets at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

At that hour, to the minute, he reported that he had made all necessary inquiries, and that at any hour after one o'clock of that day, upon the sound of three taps upon the fire alarm bell, he could march into the Plaza with one thousand men, armed with the best regulation muskets of the United States, and otherwise fully equipped for instant service.

If it should be asked how Chief Scannell could, in one forenoon, ascertain that he could bring one thousand armed men into the Plaza at the tap of the fire alarm bell, it may be replied that only a few years before these firemen were enrolled as a part of the six thousand members of the Vigilance Committee, all armed, and for months under military drill, Colonel Doane himself being Commander-in-Chief.

Assured by the promise of such a force to meet any emergency by day or by night, Col. Stevenson proceeded to take other measures tending to secure the public safety, and prevent any secession outbreak. Little did we, the people of San Francisco, think then, absorbed as we were in watching the progress of secession at the East, that a mine of it was ready to explode under us here. It did not explode, however. Col. Doane declined the offer of the leadership made to him, and this caused delay. Meanwhile, rumors of the uprising of a loyal force made the conspirators pause, and very soon they saw that the opportunity of success in their plans was gone.

Other attempts having the same object in view were made by disloyal parties afterward, but they were squelched by the proper authorities, now on the alert, for General Sumner arrived very soon after the events above narrated and relieved General Johnston.

These facts concerning the first efforts to take California out of the Union in aid of the Confederacy were published in a San Francisco paper in 1880, on the authority of Colonel Stevenson himself. Several years later I called on Colonel Stevenson, and asked many questions about the occurrences narrated, and he confirmed

the truth of the statements made in every particular.

It is not unlikely, as Mr. Blaine suggests, that Jefferson Davis had the substantial promise of the secession of the Pacific States. Such men as Mr. Gwin could have given it at that time, as parties were here in California with no little assurance. But the promise was against the decree of Providence, and, thank God, it failed.

All of the men named as concerned in the transactions above described have passed away; but the critical importance of what they did in preserving us from an outbreak of civil war here appears all the more clearly as time has passed by.

CALLS TO PASTORATES.

BY REV. E. N. BARTLETT.

MR. EDITOR: In a former article published in your columns over my signature, some suggestions were made in answer to the question, "What constitutes a call to the ministry?" When men have responded to the call, and have entered into the sacred office, other questions arise for their consideration and for the consideration of the churches also, such as these, viz.: "What constitutes a call to a particular church?" "By what principles should churches be governed in calling pastors?" "Are ministers to regard themselves, and to be regarded by the churches, as employees, hirelings, wage-earners, like mechanics and artisans, as skilled or unskilled, and have their services rated accordingly?" "Are ministers at liberty to put themselves on the market, to be taken by the highest bidder?" "And are churches authorized by Christ or his inspired apostles to bid against each other to secure for themselves the most popular or most desirable ministers?"

These and all similar questions are easily answered by any and all who have carefully studied the principles and spirit of the gospel as set forth in the New Testament. But indications, sometimes appear to warrant the suspicion that the hiring idea and spirit are not wholly extinguished either with ministers or the churches. The largest salary sometimes appears to be mistaken for the loudest call. Church number one is in want of a popular pastor, and learns that church number two has just such a pastor, and to secure him a bribe of five hundred or a thousand dollars more salary is offered than he is receiving. His people love him, are united in him, and are unwilling to part with him; so the bribe offered by number one is matched by an equal one in addition to his present salary. What is the pastor's duty in such a case? If he were to ask me that question, my answer would be: "Spurn both bribes, and continue your labors on existing conditions, till God makes it manifest that a change is advisable." In other words, the salary question has no place in deciding the question of duty.

If a pastor is beloved by his people, is doing good and is comfortably supported, he is where God wants him, and no money consideration should be allowed to entice him away. When pastor and people become satisfied that a change is desirable, and another door is opened to him, whether the offered salary be larger or smaller, let him enter it with faith and confidence, accepting what is offered, and doing the work God has allotted him, and his bread will be made sure. If a call to a wider and more promising field of usefulness is extended to him, let it be considered on its merit, and not at all on the money basis.

It is time the idea was forever banished from all minds that ministers are the hired servants of the churches, working for wages, and expected to be paid according to their real or supposed skill in gospel work. True gospel ministers are Christ's ambassadors, not the churches' hirelings, to be estimated at so much each for so much talent, or so much gospel, or so much success. What is the difference in Christ's estimation between a thousand-dollar minister and a nine-thousand-dollar one? If both are equally faithful, will not the same "well done" be pronounced upon both? And is not the one entitled to as liberal support from the churches as the other, according to his needs?

Then, let rich churches cease to offer bribes, and let ministers give the churches to understand that they are not in the market, but are God's servants, and stand ready to answer his calls, regardless of pecuniary consideration. And Christ will be more honored and the churches better served.

VENTURA.

SOME CHRISTIAN WORK IN EDINBURGH.

BY PROFESSOR C. S. NASH.

It is said that the great majority of travelers agree upon Edinburgh as the most attractive city in Europe. Nor is this simply a hasty judgment upon its externals. A number of characteristics combine to constitute its pre-eminence. Its natural and architectural features are unrivaled in certain points, and grow upon one's admiration. It is hardly possible to match the panorama spread out before one who stands on the highest verge of the castle ramparts. Immediately at his feet Princess street, with its beautiful gardens, stretches away to Calton hill, crowned with its picturesque prison and memorial structures. Beyond the city the Firth of Forth leads the eye from the glimpse of the greatest railroad bridge in the world to the horizon line of the sea. It is dotted with islands and with moving watercraft, while beyond it the hills of the Highlands complete the picture on the north. In other directions Holyrood Palace, Arthur's seat, and the Pentland hills are the principal objects. And yet, though not so high, Calton hill seems to many visitors to afford the finer view. The same objects of interest are still to be seen, and the famous castle is added. Under the spell of this scene one can not suppress the tribute which the human mind always has ready for the best. Nor is Edinburgh less noted in the department of education. Its institutions train men and women from all lands. Its population, as a whole, is probably the most intelligent in the world, and always includes many persons of more than national reputation.

But it is of the religious phase of life that I would especially speak. What I have seen of it has interested me deeply. There is nothing of the "Continental Sunday" here. The quietness approaches that of the old-time New England village. Not a street-car moves. No business is done. No doubt, there is pleasure-taking, but it is not noisy nor obtrusive. The children on our street give us rest from the clatter which seems continuous from Monday to Saturday. Church-going appears universal to one who has seen Paris and Chicago and San Francisco. The churches are quite well distributed over the city. There are a good number in the "down-town" quarter, in or near the slums, with their low life. The ancient cathedral of St. Giles, where John Knox thundered and lightened the reformation, is now in the section where no one resides who can afford better; and the picturesque house of the great reformer, a little below the cathedral on High street, is surrounded on all sides by poverty, suffering and crime.

Some of these down-town congregations are depleted and weakened, and are agitating the familiar question of removal. Here, as elsewhere, the signs of mission halls testify to the need of the newer forms of religious work. The churches can not meet the present case with their immemorial methods. And Edinburgh may perhaps be called the best missioned city of Christendom. A gentleman familiar with the situation told me this morning that it would be hard to find a location for a new mission. There is, first, the Edinburgh City Mission, organized by David Nasmyth, who founded also the great London City Mission. This directs more than a dozen district missionaries, and six to special classes. Then there are many churches which have each its own mission or missionary, or both. The last city directory gives a list of eighty-three city missionaries and thirty-eight Bible women. And this omits a number of independent or private enterprises, such as the Carubbers Close Mission, the Sunday Breakfast Association, the Medical Mission, the Salvation Army, and others. It should also be remarked that in some cases a single record stands for a number of workers. One name represents the New College Settlement, which contains from seven to ten residents, and has the assistance of twice as many more from the New College and from St. Andrews' Free church. And all this professional and semi-professional labor is augmented by an unrecorded amount of volunteer service.

Still further, there are forms of philanthropic work which do not register themselves under the title of missions. I have no list of these, nor have I seen much of their working. There are at least two or three places called shelters or refuges, where destitute strangers are given a bed for one, two, or even three nights. With

these ready to receive the most helpless class of all, the stranger who has no resting-place and no money to pay for one, it certainly seems as though no one need go shelterless in Edinburgh by night.

Another charity, which I have seen to-day, has interested me very much. It is that of the Edinburgh Children's Aid and Refuge Society. This Society has a shelter on High street, where destitute and suffering children are received at any hour of day or night. In this feature, and, indeed, in others, it resembles Dr. Barnard's noble institution in London. The children are brought in by agents of the Society, or by the police, and are cared for by the devoted matron, Miss Stephen. Every case is investigated and worked out to some wise settlement. In many instances parents or guardians are prosecuted and punished for neglect or abuse. Some of the children are returned to their parents. Others are disposed of in various kind ways. A large number are kept in the Society's charge. These are sent to a beautiful home in the outskirts of Edinburgh, which we had the pleasure of visiting this afternoon. At present it contains a happy family of ninety-two boys and girls from four to thirteen years of age. It is a well-built and admirably managed home, filled with a wholesome atmosphere of cheer and comfort. The children are cared for and sent to school until they become fourteen years of age, when situations are found for them elsewhere, in homes, perhaps, or in trades, or in the army or navy. It is a pleasure to name Miss Sutter, the superintendent of the home. Such a place is what the person in charge makes it. The personal element is everything. In Miss Sutter mainly lies the success we have seen to-day. She is a lady of education and refinement, and she makes life in the Home a daily culture, yet full of the happiness which children need. She is also a trained nurse, well able to look after the health of her charges, many of whom come to her weak and worn from their wretched existence in the slums. And it hardly need be added that she is an earnest Christian, knowing whither to direct all her service of the young immortals. With so capable a leader, such a charity can be made successful anywhere. Without such, nowhere.

I will add only a reference to one point, that emerged in conversation about the value of this form of humane and Christian service. There is more in it than the salvation of the children, great as that is, and primary. In some cases parents and friends are reached. It was remarked to-day that some parents who had abused or neglected their children took pride in them, and gave them better care after receiving them back from the Mission, healthy, and strong, and happy. They had discovered what their sickly, troublesome children would be under proper, kindly treatment, and there was enough of the better element left in their nature to respond to the discovery. Again, we realize that the way to parents' hearts lies through their children. And when we learn the further lesson that children are the key to the unsolved social problems, we shall array our methods and mass our workers around the beginnings of life. Then, when we will not suffer the vicious and criminal ranks to be recruited from the innocents of the nursery and the playground, we shall at last be engaged wisely and mightily in the transformation of society.

RAMBLES—IV.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Everybody has something he wishes he had not. Everybody desires something he does not yet possess. This feeling or conviction may become an ambition or an inspiration. It may excite to emigration, or impel to promotion. The fertile Russian River valley, where these lovely June days come so early and linger so late, would not smile with beautiful fields of grain had not early pioneers been moved to seek new scenes and new prospects. They have succeeded. Having succeeded, they speak well of the country. A man may despise even the best plot of ground simply because he cannot own it. It is never best to take the estimate of a place, or of a profession, by those who have failed in the same. I would rather be a wood-cutter in a Mendocino forest, or the meanest hind, that all day sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and at night sleeps in Elysium, and succeed, than wear out my life between attempt and defeat where success seemed impossible.

Leaving Cloverdale, we proceed thirty miles further up the valley to Ukiah. We halt at Pieta and at Hopland. From the latter may be seen

the hotel at Duncan's Springs. The valley loses nothing of its fertility and attractiveness. Ukiah is thrifty and business-like. The churches compare well with other public buildings. We entered two of them, the Christian and the M. E.; both are well arranged and in good repair. The Presbyterian church property was peculiarly attractive to us, because it has, on one side, a row of maples, the only line of that symmetrical tree we have seen in California. In the evening we listened to the Salvation Army on the street, earnestly seeking the souls of the wayfaring; and, later, we heard a lecture on India, equally Christlike in promoting the kingdom. The lecturer talked from observation and experience, and affirmed, what we easily believe, that the negative philosophies of Hindustan are helpless and hopeless; man sinks into slime and corruption under their much-lauded "gems" and brilliants of imagery and thought. India needs not gems only, but germs also—germs of love, and germs of life from Christ, the Son of God. It is a land of almost countless sects, all united on two things—the sacredness of the cow and the degradation of woman. The trail of the serpent is also in Mendocino's metropolis. Drink, with its blighting results, is dominant. Protagoras boasted that out of sixty years of his life, forty years he had spent in ruining youth. No right-minded man will ever make such a boast. But it is high time that cities, and counties, and States move vigorously against this all-consuming traffic. Have they not quite long enough winked at wine and whisky? About the first sight we saw in Ukiah was a young man whisky deaf and whisky blind; the funeral procession we saw later was no sadder. The same evening the brakeman who did duty on the passenger coach which carried us to the county seat, walked, accidentally, into the bar of the Palace Hotel! But the order will some day be promulgated here, as in the East, that no railroad employe in charge of human lives shall, whether on duty or off, enter a saloon.

The order will not come a day too soon, even if it come to-morrow. Seventeen million professors of religion in America would welcome it. Twenty million sober men and women who are not professors of religion would hail the proclamation. Yes, let it come.

We followed our inclination, and visited the Vichy Springs, only three miles from Ukiah. It is an excursion of rare beauty. There are moss-covered boulders, ferny hollows, tangled thickets, with an occasional blooming spirea upon this side or that of the meandering roadway. The afternoon was gray and doubtful, the sky covered by a lacework of white, fleecy cloudlets, letting the blue through its meshes, just enough to make the environment of the springs soft and delightful, where the ferment of brain might subside into pleasure and soft repose. Our pleasure was greatly heightened upon seeing, some distance away, one of our Sunday-school children. He saw us, too, as soon as we alighted from the carriage, and started off as only a wide-awake, bounding boy can. His mother and his youngest sister soon heard the news. Surprise and pleasure were supplemented by mutual greetings, for it is always a pleasure to meet our parishioners who, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Saturday, and back in Cloverdale, under a promise to "fill the gap," should there be one. We learn that Brother Jones left town the day before, and has left both services for Sunday to us; surely, "a gap," and a large one, too. Themistocles said he could not play on the flute, but that he could make of a small city a large one. Parson Jones has, under God's blessing, made of what might otherwise have been a weak church a strong one. A decade of influence and usefulness is founded on proofs from which a community cannot escape, and is not the result of fancy or of genius. Sunday was rainy, but the people gathered in goodly numbers. The Christian Endeavor was well-attended and interesting. Monday we prepare for our trip to Pomona College, leaving wife and children to further enjoy the scenes of Sonoma. We expect bright things at our Congregational College—our only college in the second largest State in the Union—and yet, while the robins return in the spring, while the cherries look bright in the sun, while the clouds shall garland the mountains—

—all that lives yet to be

We'll remember thee, Cloverdale, And all thou hast been for us.

Woman's Board Of the Pacific.

TO OUR AUXILIARIES.

Less than two months remain before the completion of our twenty-first year. Less than two months in which to round up our total of \$5,996 for foreign missions! Are we going to make it? Certainly, we shall, if all our members are on the alert, realizing that September 1st is near at hand.

Various letters of inquiry are arriving, showing that many societies have funds collected, and are planning how to use them to the very best advantage. In many cases the idea seems to be how to appropriate them so as to most interest the givers—in Christian Endeavor and other young people's societies specially. To all such, as well as to our own auxiliaries, we earnestly recommend some one of the appropriations for which we, as a Board, are responsible. To this end we republish the list, that all may know how great a variety of fields we reach with our sympathies and money, and may be able to plan intelligently with regard to sending their contributions.

ZULU MISSION—AFRICA.
Salary Mrs. J. C. Dorward \$450 00
WESTERN TURKEY MISSION.
Salary Mrs. T. J. Baldwin, \$396;
Broosa Girls' School, \$748. 1144 00
JAPAN MISSION.
Salaries—Miss Gunnison, \$667.50;
Miss Denton, \$667.50; Miss Harwood, \$667. 2002 00
INDIA-MADURA MISSION.
School work of Mrs. J. C. Perkins, \$250; Miss L. G. Barker, traveling and other expenses, \$450. 700 00
NORTH CHINA MISSION.
Work of Mrs. A. H. Smith. 250 00
SPAIN.
San Sebastian School, in care of Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick. 500 00
MICRONESIA.
Running expenses of *Morning Star*, \$500; Salary Miss Wilson, \$390; Schooner *Robert Logan*, \$150. 950 00

Total of appropriations \$5996 00
*Taking the place of Mrs. Holbrook temporarily.

With all the resources of the Pacific Coast States, surely we should have good courage in working for our missionaries and our schools, whose very support depends upon us. Can we send them "to the ends of the earth" and then fail them? Shall we, after figuring the whole sum carefully out as to how much they will eat and wear, as to how little they can live upon, hesitate to secure that little for them? Let us all work together for the full amount of our appropriations.

OUR SCHOLARSHIPS.

In Turkey and in India we have scholarships for girls. Thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents will give a girl a year in our Broosa boarding-school; \$15 will keep a pupil a year in Mrs. Perkins' school in India. Could young people find more inspiring work than this? Assume one or more scholarships, and send your money to the Young Ladies' Branch.

TO SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

"MORNING STAR" SUNDAY.

The children's ship, the *Morning Star*, is still afloat, and doing a grand work. The American Board calls upon us for five hundred dollars this year toward its running expenses. For this we have appealed to the Sunday-schools, as in so many years past. Several have sent their contributions for 1894, but most of our Sunday-schools have not yet been heard from. Miss Mary Williams makes a fine suggestion. She says: "Why cannot we ask that either August 5th, or August 12th, be a 'Morning Star Sunday' in the different schools?"

How many Sunday-schools will agree to take shares in the running expenses of the *Morning Star* on August 5th, or August 12th?

Two Sunday-schools are already "in line." (Can two make a line?) How many more will follow? A suitable *Morning Star* exercise will appear next week.

It is an interesting fact that while a great volume of discussion goes on about religion, the great Protestant sects in the United States continue to hold their dominating influence—in fact, are constantly growing, relatively to the gain in population, both in the number of their communicants, in the value of their church property and in all forms of activity. In other words, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Episcopalians and the Methodists are in every way stronger and more firmly established in the United States to-day than at any time in our history. The proofs of this stability in the great religious sects are grouped and presented in the form of the census for gathering statistics of the churches.

It is reported that Miss Frances Willard, owing to the financial stress in the United States, returns to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union her last two years' salary which she has received as President of that organization.

If you want to please God, don't let worry spoil your life.

Home Missions.

FAMILIAR TALKS.

IS THE KINGDOM COMING?

By which we mean, are there to be in the near future any marked changes that will make us realize that this world is actually being subordinated to a reign of righteousness, instead of a reign of sin. We believe there are to be wonderful manifestations of such power—say in the next hundred years, which is putting it nearer than some imagine, and not so near as others think. We believe also that this is to come by the increased activity of forces already at work, rather than by the introduction of a new force. We want to talk a little about this, not in the way of discussion, but to stimulate and give new courage to discouraged workers, especially our California sisters. There is a flavor about our work when we see or imagine we see results, that we cannot get from an indefinite hope. Let us look, then, briefly at some manifest signs of progress in the last ten years, and we shall surely see that the "leaven" is working, that the size of the loaf is increasing. Think, for one thing, of the increased activity in Sunday-school work, and not only in quantity, but quality. Think of the numerous conventions and institutes, and the increased interest in them. We can see that even in California, and yet Mr. Reynolds told us when he was here that California was ten years behind the Mississippi valley. Remember, too, the kindergarten, comparatively unknown ten years ago, that is now gathering in the little waifs on the city streets, and training them by the thousands into happy, useful life; add to these the almost innumerable organizations now active in saving the children from eight to twelve years of age, or till old enough to become Senior Endeavorers. But to estimate rightly the work being done for these children, we must think not only of all we are doing, or know about, but the work that is going on at the East through institutional churches, college settlements, and the like. Then we must go South and follow the A. M. A. work among the negroes and mountain whites, and North among the Indians, from Lake Superior to Alaska. Coming back from all this survey, we must pause a moment before that mighty army of Endeavorers, now a million seven hundred thousand strong, and steadily growing in numbers and power. Have you ever been into one of their Annual State Conventions? If not, let me give you a glimpse of our best one at Riverside, as reported by eye-witnesses. One says, "I was deeply impressed by the missionary spirit of that Convention," and then she goes on to give a regular "chip-basket" of sentiments like the following: "All are endowed with some possibilities for service. Not all alike gifted, but each is responsible for the cultivation of such talents as they may have. God never makes mistakes or gives gifts amiss. Each can give something, and the reward will be for faithfulness." Another says, "God loves the heathen, and if they are not saved it is not God's fault, but ours. If we truly love God we will work for men." "The salvation of the world is a greater work than its creation." "We stand to-day face to face with the answers to our prayers." Think of that! And again, "God will some day call in his loans." "Christ is the desire of all nations. It is the grandest possible work to bring men over by one to him." "The Holy Spirit can transmute money into souls." "In the work of missions we are simply conducting the King's business." "If we allow the Lord to do what he will with us, we will get the blessing, the glory." "By doing good with God's money, we stamp upon it the image of God." "Legacies are not the best kind of giving; often the will is broken, and God does not accept the will for the deed." "Mission boards are too often compelled to depend upon living women, and dead men." "Mention was made of the amount of money spent in kid gloves, confections, and decorations." "Among the Moravians, one in sixty is a missionary." "We should regard foreign missions as our business, not an outside charity." "God cares more for souls than for things."

These extracts are from the report of only one of the delegates, but all spoke of the high tone of spirituality through the session. One spoke of the idea of soul-saving as the central thought of the Convention, and many suggestions were made as to what each one might do this year in that line. Think now, dear sisters, of such sentiments as these emanating from a great body of young people gathered from all parts of our State, and each going back to their homes full of such noble thoughts, and determined to impart them to others. Can they help exerting a mighty influence? You in "your little corner, I in mine," may feel only a touch of the great wave, but there is a wave. We must take into this account, too, that great meeting soon to be held in Cleveland, where thirty thousand delegates are already registered, and remember that this movement is not accidental

and effervescent, soon to pass away. On the contrary, we have a right to believe that it is simply the developing of part of God's great plan for the salvation of the world, which is to go on increasing in volume and power till these young men have become our law-makers, our business men and our politicians. We have a right to consider this great advance of the last ten years as a prophecy of greater things to come, and to believe that the kingdom is coming very near to us even now.

We know the history of all such great movements is one of accelerated velocity as they approach culmination. Let the imagination run forward twenty-five years with all these forces, and a multitude not enumerated, actively at work, and who can predict the result?

In a recent number of the *Outlook*, comment is made upon Mr. Stead's "O Christ, Come to Chicago," and this is part of it: "Christ has come to Chicago, and Mr. Stead has failed to discover him there. That is, perhaps, not strange, for Christ always works in quiet, unobtrusive ways, dealing not with the surface of life, but with its sources. He still acts upon the principle that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation." That is our faith—there is a great deal more of Jesus Christ everywhere than most people see. Let us all take new heart, and work with new zeal, for "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

M. L. M.

Literary and Educational.

This second volume of "Systematic Theology," by John Miley, D.D., LL.D., suggests that it is not now New England Congregationalists who are just now laboring most on systematic treatises of divinity. The opprobrium of formal didacticism does not seem to rest upon us. Our largest seminary sought from over the sea some one to succeed the Edwards, Taylors, and Parks. Meanwhile, our Methodist brethren have been favored with not a little formulated theology. Within no long time they have had Pope in England, and Raymond, Foster, and Miley, all furnishing quite elaborate volumes, intended to go over the whole field. This hardly accords with the notion many have of the Methodists. It is supposed that they can shout and have warm experiences of assurance and of holiness, but perhaps a distaste for closely articulated doctrine. Whoever has that notion may be enlightened if he take this book of Dr. Miley carefully in hand. The author is professor in Drew Seminary, at Madison, N. Y. This is Volume VI of the Library of Biblical and Theological Literature, which is in course of publication under the editorship of Dr. Geo. A. Crooks and Bishop John F. Hurst. It contains the teachings relating to Christ and to the salvation that comes through his mediation, and to the problems of the future life. Quite remarkable is the space devoted to the atonement—over two hundred out of five hundred pages. The theory called governmental is strongly maintained. The distinctions so familiar to one versed in New England theology will be found stated here, although Dr. Miley gives rather scant notice of the contribution made by that theology. He prefers, as is natural, to give special credit to Grotius. The Arminian tradition is strong in our author. Yet he is free to correct what he regards as inconsistent in some of the positions laid down by some chief Methodist advocates. The polemical spirit is not, however, exceeding alert in these pages. There is great good sense in the ordinary treatment. A judicial tone prevails. See it in the unfolding of the subject of sanctification, in the discussion of which the author desires to emphasize the privilege of the fuller blessing, without being carried out of sympathetic sight of the varieties of Christian experience. To be had of J. D. Hammond, at 1037 Market street, San Francisco.

The addresses made at the International Congress on "Sunday Rest" have been gathered into a volume under the head of "The Sunday Problem—Its Present-Day Aspects, Physiological, Industrial, Social, Political, Religious." There is a great deal of information, argument, and suggestion in these 338 pages. As many as fifty speakers, not omitting in that number several women, took part. They were of various professions and communions. Quite a number were railroad officials or workers. Representatives were there from foreign lands. The book may be had at low rates, in paper covers, or in cloth binding. It will be very handy for the use of pastors and others who wish to present this great interest in the light of our nineteenth-century experience. James H. Earle, Boston.

F. H. Revell Co. publish "Ecco Filium," by James Oswald Swinney, according to President J. D. Hammond, who writes an introduction in which he points out his disagreement with the author. Mr. Swinney holds that Jesus was the first of all creatures, and that his nature is essentially the man-nature. This monograph is written in an earnest and reverent spirit, and it may surprise

some readers to see how much of the gospel may be retained by one who denies our usual conception of the divine nature of the Son of man. But the great, distinctive glory of the revelation in Christ is dimmed by so inadequate a doctrine of the person of our Redeemer. \$1.

From the International Committee of Young Men's Associations at New York, we have a revised edition of "Christ Among Men," by James McConaughy, instructor in the English Bible in Mount Vernon School. It is spoken of in the title as "object lessons in personal work," and the single aim has been "to help those who desire to follow the example of the Lord Jesus in winning other lives to his service." The book is specially adapted for use in Bible training classes. It contains valuable suggestions as to the conduct of such classes. It is so constructed as to be itself in brief compass a life of Christ. It is a *multum in parvo*.

Rev. P. E. Kipp has written a book with this title, "Is Moses Scientific? First Chapter of Genesis Tested by Latest Discoveries of Science." We do not suppose Mr. Kipp has said the last word on this theme. He does not profess to be a scientist, but, evidently, he is much interested in what scientists have written. He has made a fair summary of the later investigations as far as they bear on the story of the creation. He does not take extreme conclusions, and sees harmonies rather than discrepancies in the two accounts of the origin or development of the world. F. H. Revell Company, Chicago. \$1.25.

We have received advance sheets of "The Story of the Temperance Congress," and it is a very interesting little volume of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, with eighteen half-tone cuts, including J. E. McComas, David Starr Jordan, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Henry French and Colonel O. E. Moore. Price, twenty-five cents, with four stamps, and may be had of the W. C. T. U., Good Templars Lodges, Christian Endeavor Societies, or Colonel O. E. Moore, room 10, second floor, Mills Building, San Francisco.

The Rev. Andrew Murray of South Africa has written much on the matters of the inward life, and his little volumes have been read widely in all parts of the world. "Love Made Perfect" is a very small book, but it is written in the spirit of John, the beloved disciple. Chicago and New York: F. H. Revell Co.

"The Young Man Four Square" is "dedicated to every young man who has the ambition to make the most of himself and his opportunities." The author is Rev. James L. Vance of Norfolk, Va., and he treats of the young man in business, in society, in politics and religion.

The thousands who are beginning the study of the life of Christ may find an outline of that life, which appears to have been thoughtfully prepared, in "Jesus the Nazarene," by C. J. Kephart, with an introduction by C. R. Blackall. Published at Dayton, Ohio, by W. J. Shuey.

"Honey from Strange Rives" is a series of sermons by Rev. Henry Thaddeus Miller. They are unconventional, direct speech, with apt allusion and illustration, showing hearty sympathy with the average men and women E. A. Weeks & Company, Chicago.

NOTES.—The next Bampton lectures will be by Rev. T. B. Strong, subject, "Christian Ethics." He belongs to the school represented by Charles Gore. But for the years '96, '98 and 1900, the income of the funds will not allow the payment of a lecturer. At the celebration of Founders' Day, May 11th, Dr. William C. Bartlett gave an address, entitled, "The Founder and Builder," which has been printed by Mr. Cubery. The tribute to the memory of Cyrus T. Mills was appreciative of the man and of his work, and it was gracefully conceived and expressed.

PERIODICALS.—Those are very attractive pages in the *Arena* that show the Black Bay in Boston; but the author of the article uses the beautiful architecture principally to comment upon the faults of the rich. One extreme can hardly do justice to another. This review is useful in showing the complacent and respectable folk how they look in the eyes of others. The editor has a great hospitality for those who would stir up things. This is seen in the letter he has called out from George D. Heron, whose book he had criticized for some slight maintenance of orthodoxy. Dr. Heron disavows dogmatism dogmatically enough, but utters his confession of faith in Christ as the world's Saviour with intensity.

Littell's Living Age, Boston, has had, as usual, some admirable articles lately; such as Mr. Hutton's on "Gladstone" and Mr. Low's on "Kosuth." Professor Mahaffy's on "Archaeology." Two copyrighted serial stories, translated from foreign authors of repute are running in these weekly issues. This is a magazine in which to take solid comfort. Price, \$8 a year.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP—II.

BY REV. T. H. HENDERSON.

The demand for intelligent activity on the part of Christian citizens has never been so great as it is to-day in every direction. Our educational institutions are good and growing better; but they, too, are beset by dangers, against which we must guard them. Through children from the worst homes and the streets, familiar with all kinds of vice, and in other ways, the very worst influences of the community are brought into the school and made to co-operate with tremendous force on the lives and character of children from other homes. And on that field the battle for the future citizen must be fought. He is, in many instances, made or marred before he is out of the public school, and by the influences which prevail there. And we can only win and make him by projecting into our schools good influences powerful enough to successfully combat the evil. Teachers alone cannot do this; nor can we aid them by standing off and mouthing, "godless schools." Schools are, like everything else, the product of all the forces which operate in and upon them. Those about us are just what we have made them, or allowed others make them. If we have godly character and influence, suppose we give them the benefit of all we have—not by sectarian effort, but by assisting in every way we can to improve them, and bring into them the influences and forces which ought to control their work. And so on through all our institutions. In political affairs, municipal, State, and national, Christian citizens have a wide field of usefulness and responsibility as weighty as the field is wide. But here we like to do the hiding act, and leave the fighting to others. While many nice Christian citizens are very busy with their own affairs and church work, along narrow conventional lines, the devil and a good many other people go into politics, and seek control of organizations and movements which give character to our political institutions, and control the political action of the people. Many good people go to their employment and spend the day, while the devil and others go to the party primaries and conventions, and nominate men to be voted for at the coming election. Then Christian citizens wonder why so many unworthy men have found places on the ticket, which they must vote or endanger party success. The old warfare between Christians and the devil goes on in name, but Christian citizens must yield to party pressure and vote the ticket provided by the other fellow. Then they wonder more why the other fellow holds both whip and reins in the furious drive which follows. But so it is.

If we desire to make the most of our Christian influence and power, we must familiarize ourselves with political conditions, needs and work, lead in forming public opinion, as far as possible shape the course of political events, go into primaries and nominating conventions, and fight in a manly, Christian way along all lines for pure men and measures, until only pure men will dare become candidates for any office, even that of congressman. This may not always be as easy as hiding, but seems to be a much more necessary part of our Christian work. If the saloon nominates the men for whom we vote, it will control them after we have voted them into office. And saloons and other immoral and demoralizing forces always work in party primaries, nominating conventions and at the polls; and we must meet and beat them in these struggles for position on the great battle line. Whatever party we may belong to, we must gain control of its machinery, and direct its action. This age demands a Christianity rugged enough and aggressive enough to fight its way into control of all these agencies—a Christianity as beautiful as the jeweled heavens, and powerful enough to conquer all difficulties, and stand unmoved in all tempests; and not a frail hothouse affair, such as many seem disposed to make it. I knew a minister in Oregon, some years ago, who was reported as saying he could not trust himself to read a secular paper, through fear that his connection with the Holy Spirit would be disturbed. This kind of religion may answer for some preachers, but it would be of little use to most of us, and no use whatever to the average man in the battle of life. God's grace is given for rugged effort, hard conflict with the powers of evil which we must meet in open fields, in ambush, everywhere and under all circumstances. The character and order of our secular papers may sometimes be nearly bad enough to make the citizens of Orion's satellites hold their noses till their faces turn black; but Grace Divine is sufficient to support us even in a trial like that. And it is by gaining control of such agencies as these, improving their character and using them for good, that Christian citizens may render highest service to their fellows, their country and their God. We ministers love to tell other people what their duties are along these lines. But how many of us have

learned and discharged our own duties as Christian citizens? Many seem to think that our calling is so sacred that we must not soil our beautiful hands with these sordid affairs, with which our good people must deal all the time. Just how much weakness and moral cowardice are covered over with this pretentious sacredness is, for the present, left for you to determine. Sacred our calling surely is, and we can best prove it so by making our influence as Christian men felt for good through all open avenues of our civilization. We are Christians and citizens first, and ministers afterward. And the minister who is too sacred and ministerial to make his influence as a Christian citizen felt as far as he can for good is about the flabbiest affair that has yet come within the range of accurate knowledge, and deserves to be classified as an invertebrate biped.

Dr. Parkhurst's power in New York is not alone in his pulpit performances, powerful as these certainly are, not in the fact that he is a minister at all, though he makes this, too, felt; but in the efforts he makes as a Christian citizen, through a society organized for the suppression of the evils at which he strikes. His power as a minister is utilized in his work as a citizen and man. His manhood is enriched by, not lost in, his ministry. We may prod and enrage the lion of political, municipal, and social corruption by pulpit, platform, and newspaper efforts, but it takes more than these to kill the dreaded animal. The cry of a healthy American infant is sufficient to startle the sleeping lion, but he must be hunted to his den by full-grown men, well armed for deadly work, if he is to be slain. Our work is not alone to unmask and stir to greater activity the corruptions of our time, but to grapple with and destroy them; and this requires something more than tongue-prodding from the safe side of a pulpit—there must be hard fighting at close range. And those Christian citizens who are too sacred in person or calling for this, have in some way missed the world to which they are adapted—if there is any such. In municipal affairs, it may save immediate trouble to turn over control to the venal elements without a struggle, but it is neither good Christianity nor good citizenship to do so. Righteousness will not cover and rule the earth while corruptions nearly rank enough to make day hide her face, and the stars of night blink, are triumphant and powerfully entrenched in our great cities. And these will not be overcome without the united and persistent efforts of all moral citizens and forces. The battle is to be a continuous one, and we must be unrelenting in the use of all honorable means to place honorable and efficient men in office, and support them in every effort to suppress existing wrongs and abuses. We must make a life-business of righting things and keeping them right.

To succeed in this may require enlargement of our conception of the duties of Christian citizenship and the sphere of Christian activity.

(To be Continued.)

LOUISIANA WEARY OF IT.

Louisiana is wearying of the disgrace of being a State in which prize-fighting may be carried on under the protection of the law. In his letter to the legislature, Governor Foster declares himself as "unalterably opposed to prize-fighting and the brutal exhibition known as the modern glove contest," and recommends the enactment of a law making it a crime to train, or prepare for, or engage in, a contest of this character. The Governor points out that "with a single exception," which Florida people know too well, "the various States have driven the prize-fighter to the woods and bypaths to practice clandestinely his miserable profession," and that if Louisiana becomes known as the prize-fighter's paradise, "in the same degree will she be shunned by visitors and immigrants who would build up and enrich her borders."

Public sentiment sustains the Governor, and it is expected that the law which he recommends will be passed. —*Florida Citizen*.

In Cincinnati an excellent restaurant is in the Chamber of Commerce Building, and is patronized exclusively by the foremost business men in that city. It is run by three Scotch women, and upon strictly temperance principles. Every one predicted their failure when it was announced that positively no liquor was procurable in their restaurant, and people scoffed to think they could not even get a glass of beer with their meals; but their predictions proved erroneous, for, besides paying an annual rental of \$5,000 for their magnificent premises, they clear annually from \$1,000 to \$1,500. —*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Those who declare that the earth is gradually drying out, and that within a few centuries every drop of water will have disappeared from our planet, will find consolation in the announcement that the water line has risen one foot all around the Gulf of Mexico since 1850.

They live most who love most.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Aunt Mary Speaks.

"I've read in the papers lately
A deal that they're writing about
The Church and the blessed kingdom;
And I cannot quite make out
Sometimes what it's, exactly,
That they are driving at,
With their 'Christian sociology,'
And their 'ethics,' and all that."

"Some says the Church ain't Christian,
And some declares it is;
And then they get to writing words
That's longer 'n 'rhematiz,'
And I get mixed up badly,
And wonder if they know
Themselves just what they're saying
When they get to going so."

"They say that the Church ain't Christian!
Well, I have thought so, too,
Sometimes when I have seen the things
That some church members do.
For instance, here's five churches
In this one little town,
And each one's trying to get ahead
And keep the other down."

"Of course, we try to hide it—
Some of us do, at least—
But we feel almost as ugly
As Daniel's ten-horned beast
When we see the crowd a-going
Straight to some other church,
And leaving us to struggle
With our handful in the lurch."

"Then it don't look quite Christian;
Now does it, when we see
At an evening entertainment
Church members fifty-three;
And then at the prayer-meeting
Just ten, or twelve, or so,
And they are dull and sleepy
As toy-engines that can't go?"

"And there's that tight, close-fisted,
Mean, stingy Deacon—, well,
I guess I better stop here,
'Twon't do for me to tell
Just all I know about folks
That's members, and don't do
The thing that's Christian always—
My name might come in, too."

"But there's another side to it:
I know a man that's been
As cranky as a grindstone,
And as fussy as a hen,
That's growing better-natured
Since he began to school
His easily-besetting sins
By the old Bible rule."

"I know a 'Christian college'
That is Christian to the core;
One breathes a pure, sweet atmosphere
Right at its very door.
And when you get acquainted
With the faculty, why, then,
You find there is in this world
Some truly Christian men."

"And I'll just tell you, neighbors,
This world is full of good,
That's reached it through the spirit
Of Christian brotherhood.
And though the Church ain't perfect,
It's the instrument to down
Old Satan to his endless pit,
And make the kingdom come."

"We ain't just what we should be;
We ought to have more grace;
And I think this controversy
May help us toward a place
That's nearer to the Master
Than that we've traveled in;
But the Church ain't altogether
A wolf in the den of sin."

NORMAN CONWAY.

IN THE QUICKSANDS.

The following graphic delineation of a scene of subtle danger and certain death is from the pen of Victor Hugo:

"It sometimes happens on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland that a man, traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer—it is glue. The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his feet the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change. The immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in. He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand; he will retract his steps; he turns back; he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out, and he throws himself to the left; the sand is half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his thighs. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which a man can no more walk than a fish can swim. He throws off his load, if he has one, lightens himself like a ship in distress. It is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over. He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, inflexible, implacable, impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which will not end, which seizes you erect, free, in full health, which draws you by the feet, which at every effort that you attempt, at every shout that you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the

earth, while you look upon the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the smoke of the villages on the plains, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to lie down, to creep. Every movement he makes intensifies him. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, desponds. Behold him waist-deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frenziedly. The sand rises. The sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, and disappears. It is the earth drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave."

What a picture of subtle deception, delusion, allurements to danger, unconscious and gradual entanglement in the meshes of death, slow, certain, and at length conscious, but helpless descent into the abyss of death! And yet how aptly does it illustrate the moral career and destiny of many a young man in this sinful world of ours. There are quicksands in the moral and spiritual world as well as in the natural. They lie along the coasts of the saloon, the gambling table, the theater, the "social evil." No danger is visible on the surface. It all seems to be solid ground. But he who enters these coasts is putting his feet into the treacherous sands. He may fear no danger. He may laugh at the voice of warning. He may for a time lift his feet lightly, in token of his freedom. He may at first be able to retrace his steps. But soon he finds his feet becoming heavy. They begin to sink in the sand. And it is not long until he finds return to be no easy thing. And soon it is impossible. He is hopelessly engulfed. He begins to see his danger now, but it is too late to avert it, or escape from it. He is alarmed; he cries out for help, he pleads for deliverance, but he goes down deeper and deeper at every step. He begins to see home, and friends, and health, and reputation, and hope itself receding. He is going down. He is being engulfed. He is already more than half buried. He is but the remnant of a man. The very sands upon which he trod so gaily at the outset are now becoming his winding sheet. This is the life-picture of the young man who permits himself to become the patron of the saloon, or to be drawn into the gambler's snare, or into the house of "her whose steps take hold on hell," or even to become a habitual attendant upon the modern theater. "Oh, that men were wise! that they understood this! that they would consider their latter end!" What young man would deliberately, in the full knowledge of its meaning, and in the full conviction of its reality, enter upon a career of which this is the true portraiture? How constantly, therefore, should it be held up before the eyes of the young, that they may see not only the awfulness of the end of such a career, but also the subtle danger that lurks at its threshold.—*Christian Statesman.*

A WOMAN'S EXPLORATIONS IN AFRICA.

Mrs. M. French Sheldon, author of "Sultan to Sultan," the notable book on Africa recently issued, is the first white person to have penetrated the country of some of the most savage tribes.

Her father was a wealthy resident of Philadelphia, and at his home he and his cultivated wife entertained many famous people, among whom were some well-known explorers. Mrs. French Sheldon naturally became interested in these people, and in the countries they visited, but in Africa more than in any other. Circumstances placed her in a position where she became thoroughly acquainted with the explorations of Stanley and other leaders of African expeditions, and the tales of battles and the destruction of life so wrought upon her heart that she determined to visit Africa herself, and prove to the world that such sacrifice of human life was neither necessary nor justifiable. She possessed ample means for the expedition, in which she had also the sympathy of her husband. Her task was accomplished. Not a single shot was fired in aggression or defense, and the only life lost of her 138 followers was that of a boy who wandered from the caravan in search of berries, stumbled upon a lion's den, and was devoured by the beasts.

Mrs. Sheldon was unaccompanied by a single European, and was captain of her own expedition. She marched over 990 miles into the interior, visited Mount Kilimanjaro, which is situated under the equator, and is said to be the loftiest peak in Africa; circumnavigated Lake Chala, a sheet of water which fills the crater of an extinct volcano, and which before had been deemed inaccessible.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, JULY 15TH.

MATT. II: 1-12.

Visit of the Wise Men.

BY REV. WALLACE SMITH.

Golden Text.—"They saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him" (Matt. ii: 11).

Bethlehem had now become the center of attraction in the world. The birth of the Saviour had raised it in honor above all other places. A few strangers from far and near were coming to it, drawn thither by different methods of summons, but all with one mission—to see this child that had been born Saviour of the world and king of the Jews. How infinitely appropriate are the means God uses to make known his doings among the people! To the few saints in Jerusalem, who like Simeon and Anna were waiting and watching with prayerful expectation in the temple, the revelation is given by the Spirit's promptings in their hearts, that the Christ is come (Luke ii: 26). They are led by the Spirit to the temple to see the Saviour. What more appropriate than that they who have spiritual discernment should have the Spirit's leading? On the other hand, to a few lowly shepherds on the hillsides of Judea, God sends his angel with a multitude of the heavenly host, to announce to them that the Saviour is born, and they in obedience to the angelic message, forthwith hasten to Bethlehem to see the child (Luke ii: 13). What more impressive or fitting method could be used than the angel revelation to a shepherd people? But away in the far east there are other devout souls waiting for the realization of the prophecy that God would deliver his people. These wise men of the east have the revelation given to them in a way that seems to have been understood clearly by them. What the star was like, is a matter that can only be conjectured, and it is, after all, immaterial—sufficient for us to know that it was a sign readily understood by these waiting hearts. They, at all events, knew that it was "his star," and it was at once an announcement of his advent, and a summons to his presence. How long they journeyed, how far they came, we know not. What we do know, however, is that they were quick to recognize the sign, and ready to obey and follow its leading, and such ready obedience is always the surest indication of a real faith. The prompt faith of those wise men is in strong contrast to the indifference of the Jews, with all the latter's acquaintance with the prophets.

Seeking the King. (Vs. 1-2.) Whatever these men were, wherever they may have come from, are questions for the curious. This much we can affirm with certainty—they had a knowledge of the true God, and were partakers of the common hope of Israel. The Jews believed that they were descendants of Abraham and Keturah, and obtained their knowledge of the promise from the patriarch. But it is evident that they were men of influence, and probably priests of their country. Perhaps they belonged to Arabia, and were acquainted with the Scriptures through the Jews who were scattered over that region. At any rate, they had the true light within them, and were guided by the Spirit of God. It was no vague rumor that had reached them in their far-off home, and had led them to undertake the journey to Jerusalem. But how could they know about this "King of the Jews"? Had they special revelation that they do not ask for the Saviour, or Jesus, but for the King? And so our minds go back to the prophecies of Zechariah, where in the ecstasy of prophetic inspiration he cries out: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy King cometh unto thee" (Zech. ix: 9). And then follows a wonderful prophecy of the Saviour and his triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Did those wise men know of the writings of the Jewish prophets? Even Balaam in his day had spoken of a star that should come out of Jacob and a scepter out of Israel (Num. xxiv: 17). Isaiah, too, had predicted that the Gentiles should come to his light, and kings to the brightness of his (the Messiah's) rising (Isa. lx: 3). Here, then, is the fulfillment of the prophets. But notice the earnestness of these wise men. They have come with a definite purpose, and seek something they know of. The question is, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" There is a directness that will achieve its purpose. We know he is here, for we have seen his star. Ah! therein lies the success of every such seeking after the Lord. When the soul is bent upon finding its Saviour, it is not sent away disappointed. They that seek him shall find him, and finding him, lay their tribute at his feet. What a lesson is here of submitting to the leading of the spirit until it brings us into the presence of the Lord. These men are called wise men, and truly they showed their wisdom in this obeying the promptings of the Spirit. They confessed in their lives, if not with their lips, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Prov. ix: 10).

Searching the Scriptures. (Vs. 3-8.) Perhaps they thought that when they arrived in Jerusalem they would find the whole city astir and the people filled with the same enthusiasm that glowed within their hearts. But it was not so. Their arrival was looked upon as an evil foreboding. The Idumean usurper, Herod, trembled with him. Why should they? Only men with evil consciences need tremble in the presence of the Lord. If their lives had been right, if their hearts had been filled with the love of God, they would have hailed the announcement of the Saviour's advent as the dawn of Israel's day of deliverance. In his agony of conscience the King Herod hastily summoned a council of chief priests and scribes to find an answer to the question of the strangers. Then the neglected Scriptures were brought out and explored, and there in Micah vi: 2, Bethlehem is pointed out as the place where the Lord is to appear. All these things show how, in high places in Judea, God's Word had been a closed book. The people had evidently fallen away from their devotion to God. The hope of Israel was clung to as a kind of myth which would be realized somehow or sometime. But beyond the few devout worshippers who had received an earnest of his coming, the great mass of the nation were seemingly indifferent.

Is it different now? Look around on the world to-day, and it will be seen that while the great mass of mankind are busied with the affairs of this life, there is a certain looking for the coming of the Lord amongst those who live close to God. Our Saviour's words were, "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord cometh" (Matt. xxiv: 42-44). Herod, however, had no such desire to find the Lord as a Saviour. His after conduct showed that he had designs against the life of Jesus. If he had been in earnest about finding the Saviour, he would have gone with the wise men. Seeking Christ is always a personal matter; it cannot be done for us by another. Others may lead us to him, but we must go ourselves if we wish to find him. "When ye have found him bring me word," were the words of a king who had murdered in his heart; but "We would see Jesus," are the words of true loving hearts that are bent upon finding the Saviour (John xii: 21).

Finding the Lord. (9-12.) These wise men had listened to the words and questions of the crafty king, and perhaps disappointed at the lack of definite information regarding the "true" King of the Jews, they departed once more to seek him. We can imagine that they would be overjoyed when they again saw the familiar star before them. It was a sign that God was showing them the way, and they needed not man's guidance. But with what emotions would they now behold that young child? "They fell down and worshipped him"—man's true attitude before his Saviour. The whole lesson is so fully illustrative of the earnest seeker after the Lord that we can apply its different parts to the different stages in the progress of the Christian life. There is the coming from afar, when the soul of the awakened sinner first realizes the guidance of the Spirit to the Redeemer. Then follows the anxious inquiry, "Where is he?" and if we take the counsel of the wicked there is danger, as here; but, following the guidance of Scripture, it is brought to where it can see its Lord. And then follows the joy of being in the presence; and the fellowship, and friendship, and favor of God is theirs. The treasures are opened up and placed at the young child's feet. Gold—the richest and the best they had given him as their King—frankincense and myrrh, indicative of his divinity, and pointing back to the service of the Temple when incense was burned before the Lord. Thus did these wise men so early acknowledge the infant Jesus Christ as God. They had found him whom they sought, as all will surely find him when they seek in the same devout, loving, earnest way. Then they return to their far-away homes; not by way of Jerusalem, God had warned them of Herod, and they return by another way. That infant has a great work to perform in the world, the greatest that ever has been undertaken, and Herod cannot prevent its being accomplished. We studied lately how another unscrupulous king sought to destroy the Deliverer whom God had sent to his people, and how utterly he failed. So here the world's great Deliverer is in danger, but God will destroy the evil designs of Herod as he did Pharaoh's, and he who was sought of by the wise men of the east as the King of the Jews will be sought after by future ages as the Saviour of the world, and "wisdom is justified of her children" (Matt. xi: 19).

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Wednesday, July 4, 1894.

PRESERVING THE TYPE.

The right observance of household baptism preserves in any body of Christians the type of that body. We are not so rich in good types that we can afford to have one that is good lapse or even radically change. Any one who has read Dr. Storrs' address on the "Puritan Spirit" will have been impressed with the conviction that the Christian world would be impoverished sadly if that spirit should be to any considerable degree diminished. In like manner, the New England church life of our fathers was a noble and fruitful life. It ought to be preserved, and its special quality handed down to later generations. This does not mean that it should remain in all its aspects just as it was two hundred years ago. But as the bodily features of the descendants of the Pilgrims continue in the main the same, so the characteristics of their religion should go down into the future.

That can be done, of course, by teaching to others the same principles. Some of the very best Congregationalists are converts from other types of faith. We are gathering them by our Sunday-schools and our various other services of education and revival. The more of such, the better. But there is one factor of vast importance which we are in danger of forgetting—it is Congregational family training. The children of our membership need to be at home in the membership. They should love the Church of their birth. They should love to think that they were baptized into its communion. The main body in any denomination should be made up of those to the manner born.

A healthy church increases by reproduction. France colonizes and conquers outlying people, but it does not multiply by natural birth. England colonizes and conquers, but her vigorous stock increases at home as well as abroad. So our churches should go on, gaining by conversion from the world and by assimilation of those who immigrate into our fellowship, but also by multiplying through the law of natural increase within the consecrated families.

That was a very pointed inquiry which Professor Mead made as to what would happen in case the great mass of not properly ordained clergy should accept ordination from Episcopal Bishops. For they might proceed to reconstruct the Church into which they had come so that the old communion would not know itself. No body that respects itself would care to give itself away to that extent. It must preserve its continuity by some more vital process than the outward laying of hands on outsiders. It must perpetuate its best life in the consecration and appropriate culture of its own sons. A church, especially, should rear its own ministry in worthy proportion out of its own native children. This the Congregational churches of California are not doing.

There has long been a society for the protection of animals. It has published a bright and helpful monthly, now in its twenty-first volume. In its quiet, voluntary, and disinterested way it has prevented much cruelty, and introduced humane features into our laws. It lately used influence to have a commission appointed under the United States Congress for the better protection of animals in transit. Of course, the intention was to have the commission composed of the persons who had this matter at heart. But when politicians get hold of the manipulation of bills of this sort, they are apt to contrive so that somebody will make a good thing out of it. The way to do this in this case is to have a fine salary and margin for necessary expenses of the commissioners. When

it will be possible for some place-seekers to be willing to accept the positions. To make reforms through government is a very legitimate thing. We hope an effective commission for this humane purpose will be created. But what vigilance is needed to keep unfit men from posing as public benefactors?

It is a great comfort for the ordinary man, be he churchman or capitalist or laborer, to have the backing of some organization which will protect him. It has been an advantage to several lands, say Egypt, to have a protectorate thrown over it. But these lands need to be on the lookout, or there will be more domination than protection. The Horas of Madagascar, for instance, are rightly suspicious of Frenchmen, even when proffering them gifts. The hands that offer the gifts carry chains. No doubt the unions and brotherhoods that spring up so luxuriously in our labor conflicts are champions, and are needed. But it is so easy for them to become more than that. They may become corporations themselves. Perpetual vigilance is the only preservation of right and true liberty.

The organization that would preserve the genuinely American type in our institutions against the degeneracy caused by the aggression of foreign ecclesiastical systems, and by the quick naturalization of ignorant immigrants, has an organ in this city called the *American Patriot*. The first number tells us that it starts with a subscription list of 3,000. Whatever differences of opinion or inclination have been expressed as to the methods by which these ends are best secured, the ends themselves are worthy of an honest and effectual championship.

ITEMS.—Rev. Richard F. Cleveland, father of the President, was at one time a District Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society. "Father" Lambert, late a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, became a Methodist.—Of the 4,391 students on the roll of the General Catalogue of the Princeton Theological Seminary, it is stated that "the Congregational communion has received 196, and given them some of the best pulpits at her command."

Three women, post-graduates at Hartford Theological Seminary, have received the degree of S.T.B.; S.T.D. will come in due time.—Among the notables present at Y. M. C. A. jubilee, along with our John Wanamaker, were Lords Radstock and Overton, Count Bernstoff, Lord Chamberlain of the imperial household of Berlin, and Prince Oscar Bernadotte, second son of the King of Sweden. Some noble are still called.—The promise of life in the Christian ministry is large. The average of the forty-two alumni of Andover Seminary reported in this year's necrology is seventy years eight months and fifteen days.

The annual report of our Sunday-school and Publishing Society shows that California still leads all the States in the number of Sunday-schools established, 81; even Northern and Central California alone—61. It is not comforting to know that nothing like this increase has been had in the organization of Congregational churches. The two lines ought to move together for permanent results.—The Boston Public Library now numbers nearly 600,000 volumes. It is quite a problem how to move these volumes into the new building. Reference is made to the fact that the 800,000 volumes in the Royal Library at Berlin were moved some years ago by a regiment of soldiers in twenty-four hours, the regimental band meanwhile giving the soldiers the music.—Does it agree with the ordinary spread-eagle notion that Berlin, since 1870, has grown faster than New York, and since 1880 twice as fast as Chicago, and twice as fast as Philadelphia?—In 1865, when Mr. A. R. Spofford took charge of the library of Congress, it contained 90,000 volumes; it now numbers 700,000. The new building for its housing approaches completion, at a cost of six million dollars.

Chief Debs of the A. R. Union was born in Indiana, and is about forty years old. His parents, still living, are natives of Alsace, which was the disputed territory between Germany and France. The inhabitants speak both French and German.

HAWAII.

The news by the last steamer is reassuring to the friends of Hawaii. The Constitutional Convention had nearly finished its labors, and there was every indication that the results would be highly satisfactory to all classes of citizens who have been loyal to the Provisional Government. The new constitution, with S. B. Dole as President for six years, was to be promulgated on the Fourth of July with ceremony, making the day to be celebrated henceforth as the founding of the Republic the same as that of our own country. This will form another happy tie of kinship.

A letter from Secretary Gresham to Minister Willis, and sent by him to the Provisional Government, giving the Senate's resolution of non-interference, together with the approval of the same by President Cleveland, had greatly strengthened the cause of the government, and chagrined and angered the royalists and spoiled their boasting. It convinced the great body of the natives that they had been fooled and imposed upon, and they were turning in numbers with feelings of relief and loyalty to the existing government.

The United States marines had resumed drilling on shore as of old. And the former relations of cordiality and familiarity with all our government's representatives there seemed to be fully re-established. Or, as an island friend expresses it, "We are thick with Uncle Sam once more."

Not so, however, with the British minister and seamen. Their snubbery toward the Provisional Government and favoritism for the ex-queen and royalists had been met with a refusal to grant the marines of the *Champion* a like permit to land and drill. In fact, Minister Woodhouse is about to retire, with great loss of English prestige and influence in all respects.

The Evangelical Association of Hawaiian churches has just held an excellent annual meeting. A correspondent writes that the native pastors and delegates had a good time, and returned home with their eyes opened as to the stability and intentions of the government.

And so, with Pearl Harbor to be occupied in the near future by the United States, and with a government well established, modeled largely after our own, and perhaps with even better relations of reciprocity than those now existing, and with annexation in the sure if not immediate prospect, and more still with the deliverance of the natives from the corrupting power of royal heathenism, we look for better and brighter days in Hawaii than any in the past.

The grand jury in this city have recently severely criticized the police and police courts in their failure to enforce the law against the dives and the side entrances to saloons. Chief of Police Crowley defends his department, stating that many arrests have been made, but convictions fail to result; and that the grand jury will have to look elsewhere for a remedy. Why not look to the police commissioners themselves? They are the ones who grant licenses to these dive-keepers every quarter. It is easy to see that these dives and side entrances are illegal, but a jury fails to convict. Why, then, should not the evil be suppressed by the commissioners themselves refusing to license them. The validity of the law has been passed upon by the Supreme Court. The commissioners have the matter in their own hands. They can refuse to license any dive in this city or to allow any saloon to run that has a side entrance. Why should not these gentlemen do their duty? The law is plain; the duty is plain. Chief Crowley need not complain that it is of no use to arrest the offenders because it is impossible to get a conviction in the police courts. Let him and his associates, Judge Tobin, Mr. Alvord and Mr. Burnes refuse to license these vile places, and they must close; they cannot be run without a license. If the dives in this city are open and the side entrances, let the good people know whose fault it is. It is the fault of the police commissioners in licensing them.

The retail liquor dealers' license ordinance permits the issuance of licenses with the approval of a majority of the police commissioners. If that is withheld them, on the petition of no less than twelve citizens owning real estate in the same block where the place for which the license is applied for is situated. But a proviso was added to this section to the effect that no license shall be granted "upon the recommendation of citizens or otherwise to any person who has carried on, is carrying on, or is about to carry on, the business of selling or furnishing spirituous, malt or fermented liquor in any dance cellar, or dance hall, or in any place where females are suffered or procured to wait or attend in any manner on any person, and where in any musical, theatrical, or other public exhibition or performance is exhibited or performed, or in connection with any place or resort for lewd, immoral or unlawful purposes." This is the section which has been sustained by the recent decision of the Supreme Court, and all respectable people loudly demand its enforcement.

After being debated for three months and one day, the tariff bill passed the Senate last Tuesday night about 11 o'clock by a vote of 39 to 34. The Democrats voted for it, except Hill of New York, and the Republicans against it. The four Populists divided, two for and two against. It includes an income tax; wool is

free; an anti-trust law was passed at the same time without a division; forty cents a ton is the duty on coal. The bill is to go into effect August 1st. Harris, who was in charge of the bill, said it should pass that day, the 3d, or the Senate would have no Fourth of July, meaning evidently they would be kept in continuous session. And that was right; they have spent time enough on this subject, important as it is. The bill now goes to the House, where it will undoubtedly pass speedily; then the President is expected to sign it without delay, and its trial will begin by the country for good or ill. Who can tell? It will not settle the worst troubles now upon us.

As yesterday, our publication day, was the Fourth, and therefore a holiday, we delayed going to press until today, the fifth. This was one reason; but had it been the only one, we should have issued the paper one day sooner and come out on the third. But this unfortunate strike has interrupted the mails, so that, except from this part of the State, nothing has been received. The usual copy from Southern California has not come for the last page, and our usual correspondence from the North and East has been cut off. Then, if we had issued *The Pacific* on the third, it would not have reached our subscribers except in the limited territory not far away from the city. Communication is being opened to more distant points, and we hope that all our subscribers who are accustomed to, will receive their papers before the Sabbath. If they do not, they will understand that it is not our fault.

Men, no doubt, have the right to organize for mutual aid and protection. They can leave the employ of railroads, or other employers, and can use fair inducements to persuade others not to take their places. But they have no right to take possession of the property of their former employers, or to injure it, or obstruct trains, or businesses, or prevent others from working. This the railroad strikers are doing in several places in this State, notably at Oakland and Sacramento. This is anarchy, and, if law has any meaning, it must cease. No good citizen can support the acts of a mob. That is not the right way to right wrongs. There is the ballot and the courts. Revolution is not in order to-day, or needed in California, or anywhere in the United States. If men must be kept in order by force, by soldiers, and there are not enough of them, or they are not true to their sworn duty, there must be more, and of a better sort, and that speedily.

The Fourth passed in this city with procession, speeches, and the usual fireworks, etc. If that is the way to celebrate, with fireworks, etc., the heathen Chinese can beat us all out. It would seem that just now, anyway, with these hard times, that useless extravagance might have been avoided; but people seem to have plenty of money for nonsense. The day was a sad one, in view of the social conditions upon us, and the labor troubles and the destructive and lawless strikes, and the failure of law and order. The usual boastful "Fourth of July speeches" would not come with a very good grace at this dark time. Trouble is in the air and on the ground. There is more need of fasting and prayer than of boasting. Our republican form of government is on trial; a severe strain is upon it. Will it hold? We hope so. God is over us. We will trust him.

While the funeral services of the murdered French President Carnot were being held in Paris last Sabbath, fitting memorial services were also held in this city. In the morning Archbishop Riordan preached a sermon in the French Catholic Church, and mass was celebrated. In the afternoon there was a large procession to the Mechanics' Pavilion, which was elaborately decorated, and able memorial addresses were delivered. Rev. Mr. Dupuy, who is in charge of the French Reformed congregation on Powell street, gave a fitting address, in which he greatly extolled the pure patriotism, the courtesy, the industry, and the beautiful home life of the good and great man who is gone. Mr. Dupuy will give an address before the Monday Club a week from next Monday on "President Carnot."

The United States Government has decided that the mails are to be carried on trains as usually made up, and have sent out soldiers and marshals to aid in moving trains so made up that carry the mails. Strikers who obstruct the mails evidently violate the United States law.

If the strikers are only opposing the Pullman cars, why do they obstruct narrow-gauge roads where Pullman cars are never run, and local trains, as in Oakland, and freight trains?

State troops are trying to keep order and clear the way in Sacramento, but with very poor results thus far. Many of them apparently sympathize and fraternize with the strikers, and are unwilling to do their duty.

Our missionaries sailed June 28th for Honolulu. They will leave there about the last week in July for Micronesia.

THE STRIKE.

The Pullman Car Company in Illinois has a trouble with its men who build the cars. Just what the difficulty is we are not able to state. We cannot find out at present. We doubt if any man in California knows just what it is. It is about the wages of the men—some two thousand men. Their pay was reduced, and they struck; or, they demanded the pay which they were receiving some time ago; it was denied, and they struck, and the works were closed. Something of this sort is the trouble.

Some of these men belong to the American Railway Union, though the only connection they seem to have with railroads is that they manufacture cars; the rest of them became members of the American Railway Union on solicitation, and this Union took up their cause, and in order to bring the Pullman Company to terms they instituted a boycott of the Pullman cars on all railroads where they are used. Thus, the trouble reached the Pacific Coast, 2,000 miles away. Last week—Friday—the boycott commenced on the Southern Pacific road. Members of the American Railway Union among the railroad employes refused to move the Pullman cars or to run trains where they were a part of the same. This refusal has not caused the company to leave these cars off; but it at once dismissed a few of the men, and a general tie-up of the road followed.

The S. P. Company claims to own these cars, or at least three-quarters of each car, the other quarter belonging to the Pullman Company; and this claim is not disputed. The Pullman Company cares for the cars, and receives one-fourth of the profits, and bears one-fourth of the losses. A contract between these companies binds them to this arrangement. If the Southern Pacific Company owns three-quarters of a car, it would seem that it has a right to run it; must it cast it aside as useless property because the party who owns the other fourth, and cares for the whole car, gets one-fourth profit? That would hurt the Southern Pacific Company three dollars to the Pullman Company's one dollar. And if there is a contract between the companies for the violation of which the Southern Pacific Railroad is liable, it is quite likely that this attempt to hurt Pullman, and bring him to terms, will result in no hurt at all. Pullman can sue the railroad for violation of contract, and collect damages.

But suppose the Southern Pacific Company should yield to the boycott, and join with the A. R. U. against the Pullman Company! We do not know the relations of all, or any, of the other railroads to the Pullman Company; but should they all yield and unite with the A. R. U. and other affiliating unions against the Pullman Company, is it certain that this would accomplish the end sought? Might not Mr. Pullman reply: "Hurt me all you can; I will never yield. I will manage my own business in my own way, if it costs me the ruin of my business and the loss of my fortune." There is no power in a boycott to force a man against his will. And if all the railroads boycotted, and on which there are strikers, shall yield, and go against Pullman, still the whole thing may prove a failure, and the 2,000 Pullman mechanics are not reinstated.

Mr. Pullman might say, if I allow outsiders to manage my business and dictate to me whom I shall employ and what I shall say, my business is done for. I might as well be ruined by standing out as by giving in. Or Mr. Pullman, who has a very good reputation in the country as a good man, might say, The whole country is in turmoil and strife; these strikes and boycotts are ruining multitudes. My company is the storm center; I will suffer loss, and sacrifice myself and my company for the general good. I yield, and will allow the American Railway Union their way in my affairs, that peace and quiet may come in the land, and the wheels of commerce roll on again. But, no; this sacrifice will not bring that result. The peace and prosperity purchased by my self-sacrifice will not be lasting and healthful. If the American Railway Union dictates to me, it will, elated by its success, proceed to enforce its demands upon others; and men, by a system of strikes and boycotts, and illegal and unlawful proceedings, will terrorize the land.

Some may reply, This is foolish writing. Mr. Pullman is all wrong; he could have kept the men and raised their wages as well as not; he has made a vast fortune, and the Company has just declared a large dividend, and he has given \$100,000 to a church. He is one of your "good" men who lives for himself, and gives for a name, while he grinds his men down to the last dollar. If this is so, he is a bad man—the worst sort of a man. If he causes all this trouble by unfair and selfish treatment of his men, he ought to suffer severely. But as we have already said, we cannot get at the merits of this case yet, and thousands are on a strike to-day who do not know what Mr. Pullman has done. His reputation has been good; we will not condemn him unheard. But if he deserves "roasting," he is not getting it.

it by this strike on this Coast. Men hurt the railroad, hurt the fruit men, hurt all classes, hurt themselves infinitely more than they hurt Pullman. It is a strange, mad, roundabout way to right a wrong by doing an infinitely greater wrong. If there is no better way to protect ourselves and others, it is a great pity. Men are not very prolific in wise schemes, if this is the best they can do.

Take this S. P. R. R. for instance. The people of this Coast have abundant cause to murmur and complain at much of its management. Its rates are exorbitant; its policy is selfish. It has made enemies when it ought to have made friends. It has bought its way to place and power. It has demoralized the people. It has done much good; but it ought to have done much more. But we cannot go into this matter at length at this time. One thing it has always done, and done well; it has always paid its employes handsomely. There has never been a strike on this road before in all these thirty years. In all these troubles we have not heard one word of complaint that the men are not well paid. But now these men are arrayed against the company, the bitterest feeling is engendered, trains are tied up, property is destroyed, and all because the Railroad will not join with them in an effort to bring to terms Mr. Pullman of Illinois, and cause him to use his employes better. The Railroad says this is something with which we have just nothing to do. If we should join with you we could not coerce him. Let Pullman and his men look out for their own affairs. You men are well paid; you have no grievances. Let us attend to our own business, and let those excitable Chicago people alone, who are nothing unless they are making a great noise in the world.

But the strikers reply, This is all true, but we belong to the A. R. Union, whose headquarters are in Chicago, and the order has gone forth from Chief Debs to boycott the Pullman cars, and we have to do it. The merits of the case we know nothing about, but we must be loyal to our order. Yes, this is the trouble. Men organize unions to help each other, and when they are ordered for some alleged wrong thousands of miles away to go on a strike, though all is quiet and serene with them, and no local cause for a strike exists because of personal bad treatment, or otherwise, they have to go on the strike, which causes untold trouble, and ruins thousands of fruit-growers and others, and makes the heretofore good citizen commit deeds of violence and crime from which a few days ago he would start back with horror. The old engineer will mar and ruin his engine which he has loved like a child. Officers of the Government are called upon to suppress the disorder; they are defied; blood flows, and lives pay the forfeit.

But this is all the fault of the railroad, say the strikers; our demands should be complied with. We do not make the trouble. You make it by not allowing us and our order the right of way. We do not know what the trouble is at Pullman, but Debs knows, and what he says must be obeyed by us and by you. He is to dictate to the railroads of the United States. And if he is not obeyed, then other trade unions of all sorts will join in all over the country, and business everywhere will be in utter confusion. Strange condition, to say the least! If such is the organization of the unions, what a tremendous responsibility rests upon those who are their leaders. The Chiefs, like Debs and others, who are to decide when wrong is done and when a strike or other mode of proceeding is in order, ought to have more than human wisdom. The consequences of mistakes, and decision from wrong motives, are terrible. Men in these Unions largely lose their own individuality. Who are these chiefs to whom employers must defer in the management of their business. Can business be carried on successfully when such deference must be given to outside parties?

The real question before us at this time is the great question of capital and labor, and the right relations between them. Each is necessary to the existence of the other. The relations between them should be most amicable. These friendly relations may be greatly improved by consultation, and by each yielding to the reasonable demands of the other. Labor may organize, and so may capital; not to ruin, but to help; not to show their teeth and gnash on each other, but to show respect, and love, and mutual interest. Together, capital and labor constitute the people and the government, and each should be fairly represented in the government. Both are often badly represented, and government is imperfect. But bad government is better than no government. Every people must have some organized government. We have a government. It is susceptible of improvement. There are legitimate and peaceful ways of improving it. The exigencies of the hour do not call for a revolution. He who defies the government and violates the laws must be brought into subjection. If the government is not strong enough to enforce its own laws and sustain itself, it will go

down. We believe it is strong enough. We are a law-abiding people. Laws made by the government and interpreted by the judges are being violated by men in California to-day, by strikers on our railroads, and on Eastern roads. They have been ordered by United States officers to disperse, and they have laughed at the order, and refused to obey, and assaulted the officers. Such men must be made to obey the laws. K.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

The Bay Association will meet at the Bethlehem church, in this city, Monday, July 9th, at 10 A. M. The program includes: Sermon Plans from John xvi: 13; Review, by Rev. F. B. Pullan; Sermon, Rev. F. B. Perkins; Exegesis, Rev. G. W. Henning, II Thess. iii: 13; I Pet. i: 2; Essay, Rev. Geo. B. Hatch.

FRANK HUGH FOSTER, Scribe.

"The Political Economy of the New Testament" was the subject at the last Monday Club. It was ably and wisely opened by Rev. M. J. Fergusson. It proved a very timely theme at this stormy period in our Coast history. There will be no meeting next Monday on account of the Bay Association, notice of which is given elsewhere.

Owing to the tie-up of the railroad, Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown was detained at Truckee over Sunday, and there was no preaching in the First church in this city last Sabbath. On Saturday evening the Supply Committee expected certainly that he would get through; so no provision was made. The Sabbath-school and Bible classes met as usual.

Rev. W. L. Jones supplied the pulpit of Plymouth church; three Congregational ministers were in his congregation in the evening.

The Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams of Plymouth church will return home from vacation on Friday evening and occupy his pulpit on Sunday next.

Rev. F. B. Pullan has returned from his vacation, and preached to his people in the Third church. In the evening he preached to young people on "Good Citizenship," a patriotic sermon with patriotic music. The house was patriotically decorated and well filled.

Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond's subject at Bethany church in the morning was "The Church as the Kingdom of God"; he took strong ground that they are identical. In the evening Rev. F. B. Perkins preached, while Dr. Pond administered the Lord's Supper at the Chinese Mission.

Rev. Philip Coombe's sermon at the Seventh-avenue chapel was on "Anarchy."

Rev. W. M. Massie is in town; he has a call to Susanville, Lassen county, which we hope he will see his way to accept. We have a church and parsonage there; but no minister for some time.

Rev. W. C. Merrill, who came on from Boston to supply the pulpit of his friend, Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in this city, during his vacation, will remain as associate pastor of that church, and has already commenced work. His faithful and able services in connection with our churches in Sacramento and San Diego are a guarantee of the whole-hearted and most laborious and painstaking service which he will render in this new field. Mr. Merrill gives himself and all he has to the work in which he is engaged. He goes with the best wishes of his brethren into another denomination.

Professor George Moor preached in the First church, Oakland, in the morning. In the evening Rev. William Rader preached on "Government and Anarchy"; text, Isa. ix: 6: "The government shall be upon his shoulders." The text well shows the drift of the sermon.

Seven were received to Plymouth-avenue church; two of them on confession. Pastor H. V. Rominger and Rev. J. C. Robbins of North Berkeley exchanged in the evening.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Warren supplied our church in Alameda.

Rev. David Wirt preached at Orinda Park, which is about ten miles back of Berkeley, on the railroad, in Contra Costa county.

At the last communion six united with the church at Campbell—five by letter, one on confession.

The beautiful cantata, "Ruth," was recently rendered in Sonoma under the very able management of Mrs. H. H. Davis and Mrs. H. Appleton, for the benefit of our Congregational church, and it was pronounced by competent judges to be the finest performance ever seen in the place. The best hall in the village was filled, even the "standing" room being occupied. The singing was of excellent quality, particularly that of Ruth and Boaz, as represented by two members of the church choir. A quartet of musicians from the Sonoma Valley Band, who kindly volunteered for the occasion, also furnished a rare treat to the lovers of fine music.

The Petaluma church received four members, three of them on confession; one, a young man, was baptized.

In his morning discourse, Brother Madge made some tender allusions to the church's forty years' experience, and encouraging remarks as to the future prospects for the church in the coming forty years. At the close of the communion service he read his resignation as pastor, to take effect September 30th. He spoke of the harmony that existed between pastor and people; and while it has been three and a half years of very busy work, it has been a most pleasant pastorate to him. The resignation was a surprise to many of the members. Permit one whose church relations are elsewhere, but who is somewhat familiar with the history of the pastorate about to close, to give a brief summary of the results. When Mr. Madge entered upon his work in Petaluma there was a membership of 90, and a debt of \$400. During his pastorate the membership has increased to 169 above the loss by death and dismissal. A very large proportion of this increase is by confession. Over \$1,000 for street work has been paid, and the claims of our benevolent societies have not been forgotten; and when he retires our church will be practically out of debt.

Two of the Sunday-school boys were received to the Saratoga church.

A reception was given June 21st at the First Baptist church, San Diego, to Dr. William Dean on his eighty-eighth birthday. Dr. Dean was for fifty years a missionary in China.

Rev. J. S. Ross dedicated the new house of worship of the Baptist church at Ukiah, June 17th.

The Third Baptist church at Fresno has assumed the name of the Ethiopia Baptist Tabernacle.

Rev. M. G. Bradley has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at St. Helena.

June 24th, Rev. C. O. Johnson preached his farewell sermon at Bakersfield.

A UNIQUE CHURCH.

BY REV. W. A. TENNEY.

The church at Rio Vista has recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. In its past history, and in its present character, this church differs considerably from any other on the Pacific Coast. Its location is peculiar. In front of the little village is the Sacramento river, with its broad margin of tule swamps, fifteen miles wide, and in the opposite direction, for fifteen miles, immense grain fields cover all the hills and plains. With the exception of an M. E. Church, South, on an island six miles away, there is, at present, no other Protestant church service within the radius of twenty-five miles. Sectarian rivalry does not disturb the peaceful region.

The larger part of the people are widely separated on their ranches. Of the older inhabitants—i. e., those not born in that region—few were natives of the United States. They are chiefly Danes, Scotch, Irish, and Canadians. A valuable accession came from South Carolina. With the exception of a few of the pastors, New England Yankees have rarely ever made homes there.

The church, at its organization, and during the larger part of its history, contained scarcely any original Congregationalists. The members generally were raised in the Lutheran, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, and the Methodist churches. Though the church membership has always been so remarkably heterogeneous in its national and denominational elements, yet no church in the State has been uniformly more harmonious, or in matters of doctrine or polity, social and spiritual practices, more distinctively Congregational. During nearly twenty years the growth of the church was steady but slow. The regular and potent influences of exemplary Christian homes, and the uniform preaching of the gospel truths which are best fitted to arouse, instruct, and help struggling sinners, or to nourish and strengthen the spiritual life in believers, acted like leaven in the meal, year after year conveying to new hearts and new homes the beauty, the sweetness, and the fruitfulness of the Christian life.

During the last eight years there have been four seasons of revival of great power. The permanent membership in that time has considerably more than doubled. What is very remarkable, of the accessions by conversion during that revival period, ten or more were persons of fifty years old and upwards, and numbers of others were in middle life. Nearly all of these had been living in the region for years, and had been under the consistent influence of the Christian home and the preaching of the gospel of salvation. Large numbers of the native sons and daughters, at an early period of life, have been gathered into the fold under the more recent extraordinary waves of spiritual power.

The regular congregations have quite tripled in the last ten years, while the population of the community has not perceptibly increased. The last six years the ratio of increase in membership has steadily advanced. More recently the young people have

become a leading factor in church efficiency.

At the present time the church at Rio Vista, in all the elements which contribute to spiritual prosperity and fruitfulness, occupies the foremost rank in California. No other church in the State, in proportion to the population of its environment, can make a better showing, or present a more spiritual and hopeful state at the present hour. The larger part of the congregation live from three to ten miles from the church. When the roads will permit, the big farm teams are hitched up, and whole families, from the cradle to three score, are conveyed to the house of God. Woe be to the clerical crank who is annoyed at the cry of a baby, for it is well known that the pillars of that church to-day were first taken from the cradle to the place of worship, and have no recollection when they were not attendants.

The church has had ten regular pastors, varying in terms of service from one to three and a half years. Two were college bred, four were seminary graduates without a college course, and four, not the least useful in their time, had neither college nor seminary training. Not one was a man of great scholarship, learning or eloquence.

All were plain, practical, common-sense men, satisfied to live as the people live, and preach the most vital truths, in the simple Saxon any farmer's child can understand. The present pastor is a native Californian, and has proved himself adapted to meet the spiritual needs of young California to a degree that no Eastern-bred scholastic could possibly reach. The secluded homes, and the rigid training of the young to habits of industry and virtue, have proved a shield against the polluting and destructive influences so rampant everywhere in towns and cities. These have not been the least effective causes in bringing so many country youth into the kingdom of God.

FAREWELL SERVICE OF PRAYER.

At the invitation of Mrs. F. J. French, the missionaries and "a few praying women" met June 27th for a season of prayer, which was a very precious season. Those who were going to Micronesia—Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Price and Helen, Dr. and Mrs. Rife and Miss Crosby—were all present. Rev. H. W. Houlding of Park Congregational church led the meeting, which was opened by the singing of "Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning." I could not begin to tell you of all the true things, the good things, the wise and the bright things that were said. It seemed as if all had a message from on high. But, oh! the season of prayer, when on bended knees, closing the doors, shut in with God, every one, even our young ladies, prayed with an earnestness I have rarely seen equalled. Our missionaries express themselves as greatly blessed.

Some years ago an attempt was made in this city to get a high license ordinance through the Board of Supervisors. Arguments pro and con were made before the Board. The most prominent opposer represented the League of Freedom, a liquor-dealers' society. He was a man of good address, and a good speaker, and apparently a prosperous gentleman. He won; high license was defeated, and liquor-sellers in this town do about as they choose to this day. Last Saturday I saw that chief advocate of the rum power on the street; but no longer is he dressed as of old, nor does he have the look or air of a gentleman. He looks as though life had been hard, and times hard with him. The wicked cannot prosper; their wickedness destroys them, and often in this life. We do not enough consider the factors engaged in every struggle. Sin itself is ruinous. God is on the throne. We are weak, but he is mighty. We cannot put down sin. But look again, and the sinners are not. Their reign is brief; their very victories are a curse to them.

The California Fruit Union asked the S. P. Co. last Saturday if they would run fruit cars only, across the continent. They said yes, if they could. The C. F. U. telegraphed Debs, asking that the fruit cars be permitted to run. He replied that they could not run.

MARRIED.

SMITH-WHITNEY—In Plymouth church, this city, June 27, 1894, by Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams, Mr. Edward G. Smith and Miss Frances L. Whitney, both of San Francisco.

OWEN-WILLIAMS—In this city, June 27, 1894, by Rev. W. D. Williams, John Owen of Nevada and Sarah J. Williams of San Francisco.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation is taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Halls Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.
532 California Street, corner of Webb.
For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, the 2d of July, 1894. LOVELL WHITE, CASHIER.

The Atlantic for this month has its share of out-of-door papers. Among them, "The City on the House-tops" gives a vivid and sympathetic picture of the summer life on the roofs of houses in the most crowded quarters of New York. It is evidently the work of a man who has lived the life himself. Two political papers of unusual value are Mr. Harvey N. Shepard's "The Mayor and the City," and Professor J. Laurence Laughlin's "Monetary Reform in Santo Domingo." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

In Volume XXXVII of *The Homiletic Review* Dr. William Hayes Ward writes on "Chedorlamer and Abraham," giving new light from recent discoveries upon the relations of those historic characters. Among the sermons is that of Dr. A. J. F. Behrens, on "The Doctrine of Eternal Punishment." Published monthly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York city, at \$3 per year.

Sufferers from chills and fever, who have used quinine as a remedy will appreciate Ayer's Ague Cure. This preparation, if taken according to directions, is warranted a sure cure. Residents in malarial districts should not be without it.

Ladies, call at the Wonder Hat, Flower, and Feather Store, 1024, 1026 and 1028 Market street. Spring Hats, new flowers and ribbons. Low prices. Branch of the Wonder, 999 Market street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ANNIE E. KIMBALL, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the administrator of the estate of the Annie E. Kimball, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said estate at No. 330 Pine street, rooms 42 and 43, the same being the office of my attorney, R. Thompson, and the same being my place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. JOHN KIMBALL, Administrator of the estate of Annie E. Kimball, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 18, 1894.

DIED.

PUTNAM.—In Lockeford, Cal., June 23, 1894. Joseph Putnam, aged seventy-one years.

For the past eighteen years he has been a member of our church at Lockeford, which he has helped to support by influence and money. With the bereaved family we mourn this seeming loss, which to him is eternal gain. His was a triumphant entry to the realms beyond; the third day before his death was spent mostly in Scripture reading and prayer with his pastor, to whom he often spoke of the goodness of God, which had followed him "all the days of his life." For his children this was a glorious example; surely they arise "to call him blessed." After this day, he wished to leave us, and prayed, "O Lord Jesus, I am coming; comfort, and do not leave me. Nearer, nearer, I am coming to thee. Our brother realized that—

" 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live.
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

At sunrise Sunday morning the church bell, which had so often summoned him to worship, tolled out in solemn and impressive strains the number of "the years of his pilgrimage here." The final services were held in the M. E. church at Clements. Rev. Harry Perks was assisted by Rev. H. L. Clink of the Presbyterian church at that place. The body was moved from the church by his fellow-pioneers, one of whom read from the "Pioneer Manual" a simple but impressive tribute to the departed.

The aged pilgrim is at rest
Upon the eternal shore,
To wave the palm, to wear the crown,
In the bright forevermore.

The golden sheaf was fully ripe,
And ready to lay down
The warfare of this earthly life
For an immortal crown.

Your loss is his eternal gain,
He's only gone before;
A little time you'll meet again
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

At eventide 'twas light for him,
The star of Bethlehem shone
Right through the gloom, and safely led
The aged pilgrim home.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
No storms can reach thy shore;
Those safe within thy Jasper walls
Feel pain and death no more.

Redeemed, redeemed by Jesus,
God's children, one by one,
Enter the land of Beulah
And hear the welcome, come.

Ye blessed of my Father,
Inherit Canaan's land,
Made heirs by Him who led you
Safe by his mighty hand.

M. E. P.

Julia Ward Howe received only \$5 for her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

PRICES ON PRINTING

1000 cards, 2 1/2 and 3 1/2, for business or other purposes. . . \$1.50
500 circulars, 5 1/2, for socials, etc. . . \$1.00
500 elegant visiting cards, 7 1/2, for . . . \$1.00
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Galvanic or Faradic Batteries. . . \$5, \$7, \$10
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Young Folks.

Baby's Compliment.

His father and mother were both away. And Baby and I had been friends all day—Many and gay were the games we played; Baby ordered, and I obeyed—We cared not at all for the rainy sky. We built up a blockhouse three feet high; We threw pine knots on the nursery fire, And watched the flames mount higher and higher.

We hid in the most improbable nooks, We looked at the pictures in all his books; We ran in "tag" till his cheeks were red And his curls were entangled about his head. So, when the twilight was closing down Over the fields and the woodlands brown, And nurse declared he must say good night, He clung to me still in the freight—He trampled my gown with his rough little feet.

He climbed on my lap and kissed me sweet; And, as he scrambled from off my knee, "You'd make a good mother," said Baby to me.

I have had compliments, now and then, From grown-up women and grown-up men; Some were commonplace, some were new, Never was one of them rung so true, Never was one seemed half so real—Baby compared me to his ideal!

—S. St. G. Lawrence.

ABOUT SQUIRRELS.

A TRUE STORY.

A few years ago it was my good fortune to receive, as a present, a lively little red squirrel, fresh from the wilds of New Jersey. From the freedom of the woods and fields, he was transplanted to the captivity of a wire cage, about eighteen inches square, "with all modern conveniences." We took this little red stranger right into our hearts, for he was so tractable, and so cute and cunning in his ways, one could watch his movements by the hour, and not weary of his company. We named him Fritz.

Now, squirrels in general are said to be lacking in intelligence, though they certainly have "long heads," and before reaching the omega of my "o'er true tale," I think my readers will admit that my squirrels, at least, were pretty wise little fellows, though not "as harmless as doves"; for sometimes when caught, even when very tame and accustomed to their imprisonment, they would bite most efficiently.

We gave Fritz cotton for his bed, and into it he nestled regularly at dark every night; but one bright eye would open pretty wide, and quickly, if he heard any unusual noise around the room. He was out of his cage and running around on the floor, and over the furniture, much more than he was in it. He would perch on Tom's shoulder while he was at breakfast, and munch a dry crust given him, or he would drop down into his coat pocket and stay for a long time. Then he would run along the edge of the breakfast table to see what I would offer him, take what I gave him if it was only hard, and sit upon his haunches beside my plate, and nibble away without molesting anything else, or thinking of running away. He seemed to consider himself "one of the people." I have often put him in my dress pocket, and carried him along to the various markets when I went to order the dinner, and little Fritz remained meanwhile still and quiet till my return home, when, at my signal, he would jump out, the liveliest little fellow imaginable.

When I was sewing he would amuse himself by the hour in my work-basket, curling down in the various divisions, or nibbling the buttons and spools. It was an every-day matter for him to run around on my shoulders, or settle down somewhere upon me while I was reading; and one day he snugly ensconced himself in one of the puffs of hair on the top of my head and went to sleep. He seemed to enjoy being around among us; he seemed really affectionate, and so winning in his little ways we could not help loving him.

He was greatly petted by all the members of the family, and often fed with lumps of sugar, hard sponge cakes, and such unnatural foods. The result was, we found our poor Fritz one morning lying dead in his cage in his little bed of cotton, his head as usual just above the sheets; but that one alert, bright eye was closed. The sorrow of our lost pet was genuine, but the general verdict was, "killed by kindness." Of all our household pets of various kinds, no little creature ever made a warmer place in our hearts, or left so many regrets after him as our little red Fritz.

Some few years passed by and another gift came, this time from Lake George. It was a little bit of a basket, containing two little bits of brown and black-striped backs, we called young chickens till closer examination proved them to be baby squirrels, chipmunks, instead. They were closely nestled together in soft grass. We gave them milk at first, and tended them carefully in their cage.

They lived, and thrived, and grew, and came to eat nuts in quantity equal to the oldest inhabitant of the woods. We dieted them on equal parts of hickory nuts and chestnuts, with an occasional treat of almonds. Whether they were liberally or scantily supplied with food, they, true to their natural instinct, invariably laid aside, in one corner outside their cage, a large proportion for their "winter store."

Though these two little fellows were "own brothers," they were not

always on the best of terms, and sometimes fought most fearfully. Sometimes, near midnight, I have had to go to their cage to stop the battle.

One morning we found more than an inch of one of the beautiful, bushy tails on the table, outside the cage. One had bitten it off, to show his supremacy over his mate; and we noticed, ever after, the one with the maimed tail had to "walk under."

He could come last to the nut-dish, he might drink when the other was through, or enjoy the turning-wheel at the pleasure of the other. If not so passively, then there was a fight. Once or twice they accidentally escaped from their cage, and they just took the "freedom of the house."

After a long chase over and under furniture, curtains and places impossible to reach, with several bitten and bleeding fingers, we caught them, and returned them, with many very audible and energetic protests on their part, to their own quarters.

The little chipmunks are far more wary and fiercer than the red squirrels, and seem really maliciously to set their wee teeth into one's flesh, all "for dear life," they doubtless think. They are inferior in many respects to the red squirrel, and not so easily tamed, yet one becomes attached to the little creatures from the very care they require. But the sad fate of these little pets! It was my daily habit to go to the cage the first thing in the morning to see if my squirrels were all right. One morning I thought the room seemed unusually still. I heard no noise of their movements before going toward them with my morning salute. I found one little fellow—the one with the maimed tail—lying dead on the floor of the cage, with his nose out between the wires. I took him out and found he had been bitten in the neck, in the "jugular vein," probably, and had died of the wound. We watched to see the effect upon the other squirrel. He went around his dead mate, first on one side then on the other, back and forth, for a long time, then moped in one corner awhile. He refused to eat a single nut, or drink a drop of water the whole day long. He would not frolic at all, not even enter his cage wheel, which was his usual delight, but seemed entirely overcome by remorse, and to feel terribly the effect of what he had done; for at nightfall he crept into his nest, folded his head down into the fur of his breast, and so we found him in the morning—dead also. We could find no possible external cause for his demise.

The general verdict in this case was, died of self-reproach for killing his mate. We gently laid the pair into a nice box on a bed of moss and had them laid under the sod. So disappeared our second instalment of squirrels, and with the returning summer came three more to us, again from the woods of Lake George. The little family this time consisted of two red ones and a flying squirrel, the latter a fussy little old woman in looks and ways; a wise sort of face that really looks thoughtful, but withal about as homely as possible.

Hobbling around, or clinging to the sides of the cage, he reminds one of a crippled old woman; he is comical rather than pretty. He is a sleepy creature during the day, but all life and stir at night. He is a speckled, gray, diminutive specimen, always the "under dog" with the two red ones, that are most interesting little creatures, growing tamer every day. They run to greet me every morning when I go to their cage, turning up their inquiring little noses. They know little what freedom means, but to eat and whirl in their wheel, which they do most industriously, is the sum of their delight.—Independent.

BOB BURDETTE'S ADVICE.

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain, from original sources, if you are really the manner of man people say you are; and if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright as 11 o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of a man your father hopes you are and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out from one of these private interviews, you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.—Ex.

"Oh, sir, please, I have swallowed a pin!" exclaimed a servant girl, running into her master's surgery. "Never mind, Mary," he replied, deep in study, "here's another," drawing one from his pin-cushion.

The name Sandwich Islands is English. When Captain Cook discovered the group in 1779, he christened them in honor of Lord Sandwich, of the English admiralty.

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S DREAM.

There had been a noisy ten minutes in the Sunday-school room, for two small boys were carrying around the baskets, and every child was noisily hunting up and depositing pennies, nickels and dimes.

It was missionary Sunday, and after the two small boys, in short knee trousers—very short ones—had climbed up to the Superintendent's desk, and handed him the baskets, the noise suddenly ceased, and every eye was fastened on the baskets—the school was waiting to hear how much it all counted up.

But Mr. Ramsey seemed to be in a sort of a daze. What made him sit and look into the top basket in that dreamy way without speaking?

"Children," he said, suddenly, shaking off his sleepy look, "a curious thing has happened to me while Frank and Phil were going around; I've had a dream; no, I haven't been asleep, so you needn't laugh, but I've had a dream. I dreamed that our blessed Saviour was standing by when the baskets were brought up, and, as I looked into them, I was surprised to see how few bright, well-rounded pieces of money were there. 'Lord,' I said, 'I do not know why this is.' 'I will tell you,' said the Lord; 'when any one puts in a piece of money because he thinks his neighbor is looking at him, or because somebody gave it to him to put in; or if he gives five cents when he ought to give ten, or for any reason except because he loves me and wants to serve me, that takes from the value of his money, and when it reaches me it looks as you see it.'"

"But, Lord," I faltered, "there are some bright pieces." "Look again," he said to me, smiling. I looked, and there in the basket lay a little copper cent; I knew it was a copper cent because it said so on its face; but I had never seen a diamond half so bright; it glittered, it sparkled, it shone, and even the Lord seemed to look with pleasure on it. "This," he said to me, "was given by a little one who never had a cent of her own before. This is the first time she had ever had a dress decent enough to appear among your scholars, but she has learned to love me, and she has now given me her whole treasure, and I love her, and she is loved in heaven."

The Superintendent ceased speaking, and there was perfect silence; many eyes were cast down, as if many little givers were wondering how their pennies had appeared. If your eyes are sharp as mine, you might have seen one little face lighted up with a strange look of questioning joy, as if she knew something about the bright penny. She was a new scholar, and wore an old dress, evidently made for somebody else.

Then the Superintendent said softly: "Let us finish our services by singing hymn 184, 'I gave my life for thee.'" But the school forgot to ask, and the Superintendent to tell, just how many dollars and cents they had gathered that day.—E. P. A. in the Presbyterian.

THE TEST OF LAUGHTER.

There are few tests of character surer or more easily applied than the one of laughter. If you know what a man laughs at, you can form a pretty accurate estimate of what he is. There are all sorts of laughs, from the silly simper to the broad, hearty guffaw, and each one of them tells its story to the discriminating observer. As a rule, men are off guard when they laugh; they are in the attitude of children, and so show forth without disguise just what is in them. The deep springs of character, the permanent habits of mind, are touched and disclosed by this commonest of all actions. A laugh is more involuntary and instinctive than a speech.

It is true that "a man may smile and smile, and be a villain," yet the villain's smile can rarely be a perfect integrity. How much it tells of a person to say that he never laughs, or that he always laughs in the wrong place! The finer shadings of a person's nature come out better in his laugh than in almost any other way. People will laugh at what is low and coarse and mean, when they would be rather afraid or ashamed to say it. So, also, the quality of the mind, whether trained or untrained, is plainly shown in the quality of the laugh and the occasion that calls it out. The disgusting giggle of the empty-headed young lady is familiar to all; so, also, is the twinkling sparkle in the eye that marks the keen appreciation of a nice point in refined conversation. The dull wit, or the abnormally solemn and slow, never see anything to laugh at. The shallow-brained and frivolous laugh too much. The absent-minded or slow-paced laugh too late. The thoughtless and unreflective, and the reckless or cruel laugh too quick. The ill-bred laugh too loud. The sly and crafty laugh too low—they snicker. The smirk, the chuckle, the grin, and the sneer also lay bare the contents of the secret chambers of the soul. Yes, very much may be learned from a laugh. It will well repay the student of human nature to observe this point closely.—Indian Witness.

"A PRETTY, HAPPY GIRL."

Thackeray somewhere warns young people that the world is a looking-glass, and will return such looks, whether of sweetness or sourness, as they cast into it. This is recalled by the following suggestive passage which a secular paper furnishes:

"There are many plain young girls whose faces are lined with discontent and unhappiness. There is a drawn, perplexed expression between the eyes, and the corners of the mouth have a decided droop. These are the girls who have a settled idea that they are plain beyond remedy, and the distressing belief has deepened the lines of dissatisfaction; but in reality there is only a cloud over the face, cast by the habit of unhappiness. One morning a certain girl whose face was under this cloud walked out across the sunshine of the common. For a moment the gloom had lifted, the lightness of the morning and her thoughts were unusually pleasant. 'What a pretty, happy girl that is we just passed,' she heard one of two ladies passing say to the other. She looked quickly around, with envy in her heart, to see the pretty girl, but she was the only girl in sight. 'Why, they mean me! No one ever called me pretty before! It must be because I am smiling.' Again, as she was getting on a horse-car, she heard (the fates were out in her favor), 'Do see that pretty-looking girl! Well, I declare, I am always going to look happy if this is what comes of it! I have been called homely all my life, and here twice in one day I've been called pretty.' From that memorable day a new beauty has graced her social circle."—Morning Star.

PERSONALITIES.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer is a true and honest man"; but when there is no need to express an opinion, let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them; and as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up of character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows; but it is not the mission of every young man or woman to detail and report of it. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—Rev. John Hall, D.D.

It is suggested in France that "the beautiful and patriotic features" of Joan of Arc, the new patron saint of the nation, whose memory is being honored in various prominent ways all over the country just now, be put on the next edition of French postage stamps.

Twelve cents a day spent on beer for sixty years, if placed at interest instead, at the end of that time would yield an income of eight hundred a year. Room here for thought for the workingman.

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Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases. Do you realize what this disfigurement means to sensitive souls? It means isolation, seclusion. It is a bar to social and business success. Do you wonder that despair seize upon these sufferers when Doctors fail, standard remedies fail, and nostrums prove worse than useless? Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure. CUTICURA REMEDIES Have earned the title Skin Specifics, because for years they have met with most remarkable success. There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed. It is a long-drawn-out, expensive experiment. 25 cents invested in CUTICURA SOAP Will prove more than we dare claim. In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, and its cures are simply marvelous. Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Proprietors, Boston. 25c. "How to Cure Every Skin Disease," free.

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Recompense.

Through the long toilsome day she went,
With quiet sweetness everywhere;
I watched her tender, tireless hands,
Caresing here, relieving there;
No recompense, no answering smile,
No words of cheer were hers the while.

"Tell me, thou patient one," I cried,
"What secret hope sustains thy heart,
That through a thankless ministry
So gentle unto all thou art?"
She turned on me her soft eyes light:
"I heard them not. He comes to-night."

O soul, whose hope is high as heaven,
Cease this unprofitable plaint!
A watcher, waiting for thy Lord,
How canst thou grieve, how dar'st thou faint?

Work on, rejoice, while yet 'tis light,
Thy bridegroom's voice may call to-night.

A day of toil—what matters it?
No short this life of tears and pain.
Lift up thy face! What dost thou fear?
Thou hast not given time all in vain.
Soon thou shalt walk with him in white.
Who knoweth? It may be to-night.

—Adelaide Allion in Indian Witness.

MARY LOUISA'S GIRLS.

BY SARAH BIERCE SCARBOROUGH.

Mrs. Murray was at her wit's end—so she had declared for the fiftieth time that day. However, the declaration was nothing to startle one. It was only Mrs. Murray's figure of speech, though there were people who insisted that the terminus thus indicated did not point out any great extent of travel.

Chief among those who used their tongues in this manner was Miss Halsey. People in Dunton called her an old maid. She preferred the appellation of "elderly spinster." There were several reasons for the preference, one being that she held the latter part of the double cognomen was more dignified, while the former was more expressive. This last declaration she explained by the statement that there was a "mint of difference between being 'old' and being 'elderly,'" which no one in Dunton felt disposed to deny or even argue.

No one unless it was Mrs. Murray, and she did not attempt to argue as to the actual difference, but as to its applicability in the present instance. She was firmly convinced that the more appropriate term was "old," and she held to it with a tenacity that had much to do with the opinion that Miss Halsey felt forced to render again when the recurrence of Mrs. Murray's state was told her, all of which goes to show that there was no great affiliation between the two parties living on the opposite sides of Dunton's one long country street.

The especial cause of Mrs. Murray's present arrival at that deplorable terminus was one calling for some sympathy rather than for sarcasm. It had its origin in two places—Mary Louisa, Mrs. Murray's niece, and in Mrs. Murray herself; or, to speak more plainly, in the idiosyncrasies, as some would call them, of each of the two women. Mrs. Murray had no use for girls, Mary Louisa excepted, and Mary Louisa seemed to have a great deal of use for them. A woman herself, Mrs. Murray argued that she knew all about women, and, logically, according to her ideas, she had no use for them. Whether Miss Halsey and her biting remarks had anything to do with this conclusion, it is not our purpose to debate. The conclusion remained.

But that mysterious thing some call fate, and others denominate providence, seemed to have ordained that Mrs. Murray should be brought face to face with just what she did not want. She, however, did not attribute it to any such thing. She attributed it to Mary Louisa.

"She knew that I couldn't abide having one girl about me long, let alone twenty, and here she's never as much asked me, and ups and writes me she's coming down here with twenty of them. I'm just as good as dead and buried."

When this statement was added to the one already given Miss Halsey, for once in her life she took the edge off her instrument of speech, and said she "didn't blame Mrs. Murray one bit. Mary Louisa was an unthinking piece of baggage," together with sundry other statements that should have set that young woman's ears tingling in the same proportion that the said speech, when duly reported to Mrs. Murray, assuaged her wrath, and possibly assisted in preventing her from going over the brink into the oft-threatened idiocy.

Such is sympathy. The affair had this good effect at first; it drew Mrs. Murray and Miss Halsey together by a common bond, and the latter proceeded to continue her sympathy.

"I should have thought Mary Louisa would have been ashamed to impose on her aunt that way. She certainly ought to've written a line for permission."

Miss Halsey's opinion was reasonable enough. But there are some things that, if waited upon, never get done, and Mary Louisa may have deemed this one of them. Then she owned part of the farm stretching back of the village street where Mrs. Murray lived, and that had some weight in determining how she should carry out what she had designed. Mary Louisa knew her aunt, Miss Halsey, and the whole of Dunton as

well, and she knew that under the circumstances too much talk would spoil all if allowed to have too long a sway beforehand.

She was right in this case. She certainly would not have succeeded in her undertaking had she even suggested the matter. As it was, Mrs. Murray had not time to give up in despair. Mary Louisa was coming the next day, and that meant that Mrs. Murray must put off the evil day of collapse until the coming was over, at least.

The knowledge of Miss Halsey's sympathy, and the knowledge that the lady in question was watching furtively, behind the curtains, her strenuous efforts to get ready, strengthened her more than she would have admitted. Miss Halsey was curious, too.

"How she is ever to get ready for that crowd is more than I can see!" she ejaculated to herself, as she watched the active preparations going on opposite. "What I'd do with twenty young things turned loose on my place is more than I can say. It'd drive me wild."

She was wrong. The morning after the arrival, she felt impelled to drop in upon her neighbor. She did not find her in her own room, shut away from the noise, as she expected; but down in the airy kitchen she sat, surrounded by girls.

"They would come right in here and take hold, and Mary Louisa said 'twas the only way to let them feel at home, and here they be," said she, with faint apology, to her caller.

They were at home. A red-headed girl was hulling strawberries with a black-eyed one. One in a sprigged lawn was helping a gray-robed one to pit cherries, while three others were presiding over a huge pan of vegetables, preparing them for dinner. One, with skirt pinned up, was washing off the back veranda; and from the hall came the sound of brooms busily at work.

"It looked for all the world like a boarding-house, only it didn't," said Miss Halsey to a caller that afternoon. "An' what takes me is that Melinda Murray was settin' there like she hadn't any notion of layin' down 'n' dyin'. If I didn't know how sot she has always been about havin' girls around, I should say she took to it mightily for a body that was at her wit's end just two days ago 'cause they were comin'."

Mrs. Murray was in a peculiar situation, to tell the truth. The twenty girls who had accompanied Mary Louisa had come from almost as many places of work in the heart of the city, and come for their first outing in several years.

"And when she told me that, I couldn't get up heart to say nor do nothin', for a peakeader lookin' set you don't often see. But, land! who wouldn't thought I'd give in at all?" "You seem to rather like it," remarked Miss Halsey dryly.

Mrs. Murray cogitated for a moment.

"I don't know," she reflected. "Tain't as bad as I expected, I admit. They try to be helpful."

"So I see. They're more considerate than I looked for, seein' 's Mary Louisa didn't show none in the first place."

Mary Louisa laughed softly at the thrust—she had called with her aunt for a purpose.

"If you should see how they live in the city, you would not wonder that I took the surest way to let them see how we live in the country," said she.

"Tain't livin' at all there, as far as I can see," said Mrs. Murray. "I showed 'em my flower garden, and that black-eyed one just cried, because she said it made her think of her mother—she lost her four years ago—and she hasn't had a breath of country air nor a sight of a home flower-garden since."

"My garden is in bloom, too," remarked Miss Halsey, stiffly. In flowers she was Mrs. Murray's unflinching rival. "She should see that."

"So she should," put in Mary Louisa, quickly. "Can't we come over some afternoon? I know what would be fine. Let us have a real lawn party here next week. Auntie's garden and yours can furnish flowers, and you two can try your best recipes, and we'll furnish fun."

"And that girl actually got me to promise to let them girls do it," said Miss Halsey to her neighbor on the other side, who dropped in to hear about the call.

They came. For one whole afternoon they ranged the old house with its broad halls and large rooms, its lovely old garden and orchard beyond. Their exclamations of joy would have delighted a stoic, and Miss Halsey had not quite reached that point. She beamed upon them all graciously, and told Mrs. Murray as they prepared the tea table that she did not believe in any light fixin' for peaked city girls, and Mrs. Murray graciously agreed with her. The result was an abundance that called forth from even Mary Louisa an exclamation.

"I wasn't goin' to let your aunt's place get a better reputation than mine," she answered, in a low tone.

Did they enjoy it? One might have asked the red-headed one or the sad-eyed one, both of whom left with a big bouquet of roses from the choicest bush in Miss Halsey's garden,

both smiling "all over" at a whispered word from the latter. Or Mary Louisa could have spoken for all.

"All of us girls have had a lovely time, haven't we?" Mary Louisa asked, with a playful shake of Miss Halsey's spare shoulders as she looked straight into her eyes.

"And a body wouldn't 've taken us for very old to-day, I must say," said Mrs. Murray, smiling at Mary Louisa.

"I ain't old," replied Miss Halsey, with a sudden stiffening.

"Well, elderly, then," said Mrs. Murray, magnanimously. "What's the difference, anyway, Helen Halsey? We ain't goin' to be children 'gain in this world 'less we see more of 'em anyway," she added. "Why can't a widow and an old maid—spinster, I mean, let those girls see what folks like you and me can do, and how they can really live and keep young inside?"

"How would you do it?" queried Miss Halsey, the mollification complete.

The question was not answered then. Two weeks passed in a commendable spirit of emulation between the two. The girls were in demand. The two women concocted plans innumerable to outvie each other, and Mary Louisa in amused enthusiasm lent her aid to both.

The visit was over. The girls had left, a "super-happy, renovated" set, as one of them said. Mrs. Murray was very much alive, and Miss Halsey was very much aware of it.

"I expect the same thing next year," said the former, without a trace of a sigh.

"So do I," said the latter, grimly. "What, Helen Halsey, do you really mean it?"

"I mean you ain't going to get the chance to do it alone," was the determined reply.

"Well, if you really mean it," said Mrs. Murray, when she recovered from her surprise, "why not make it something worth doing?"

Then Miss Halsey repeated her question and found an answer.

Mary Louisa could tell them how, and did.

"It is the easiest thing in the world," she declared. "I can fix it so there'll not be the least bit of trouble, if you'll just let me. I wouldn't like anything better." They believed her, and they let her.

"There wasn't much use of doin' anything else," said Miss Halsey; "for Mary Louisa is a masterful spirit enough when she gets going. If she should take it into her head to set up a summer home for girls right here, her aunt and I'd have to give right up and let her do it. Mrs. Murray couldn't stand out in the beginning."

"Nor you in the end," retorted Mrs. Murray.

The result showed that neither one could.

The next summer forty girls came down to Dunton at the express invitation of "Miss Halsey and Mrs. Murray, two elderly ladies, who open their homes to the recipient for a two-weeks' visit"—so the card read.

They had compromised on "ladies," and buried the hatchet, the only time Mary Louisa feared it about to peep forth being when they read the card for the first time.

"I'm most sorry we didn't make it three weeks," said Mrs. Murray regretfully.

"When you used to despise girls so?" asked Miss Halsey crisply, inspecting the card in turn.

"A wise person changes her mind; a fool don't," quoth Mrs. Murray.

"Which leads me to say you needn't never tell about your losin' your wits any more," replied Miss Halsey acidly.

"Now! now! expostulated Mary Louisa gently.

"Don't be afraid, Mary Louisa, interrupted Miss Halsey. "When old folks like your aunt and me grow young enough to turn themselves soul and body—and estate—over to a lot of girls for the remainder of their days, you needn't worry over an occasional flash 'tween 'em."

After that speech Mary Louisa worried at nothing. She knew the plans for her girls would be carried out.

"What aunt doesn't manage Miss Halsey will," she mused. "It really brought about more than I expected."

The fact should be impressed upon the mind of every young person that it is impossible for an individual to make a success of life without work. Unless a young man learns a trade, or acquires a love for some honest avocation, he will, almost before he knows it, become a chronic loafer, despised by all with whom he comes in contact. Let the young man resolve to do something, however unimportant the work may be, and very soon he will find himself climbing the ladder of success. Whatever the obstacles, toil, grit and endurance will enable one to overcome them all. Rest assured, young friend, that if you help yourself others will not fail to help you.—*Western Tribune*.

It illustrates the relation of foreign-born citizens to the liquor traffic in this country that in Philadelphia, recently, out of 865 liquor licenses placed for hearing before the court, 669 of the applicants were foreigners, and 196 Americans.—*Ex.*

Household.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

To clean a black silk dress, use a sponge dipped in strong, black tea, cold.

Take egg stains from silver by rubbing with a wet rag which has been dipped in common table salt.

To clean a tea-kettle, take it away from the fire, and wash off with a rag dipped in kerosene, followed by a rubbing with a dry, flannel cloth.

To clean ceilings that have been blackened by smoke from a lamp, wash off with rags that have been dipped in soda-water.

To mend cracks in stoves and stove-pipes, make a paste of ashes and salt, with water, and apply. A harder and more durable cement is made of iron filings, sal ammoniac, and water.—*Exchange*.

MAPLE SUGAR CAKE.

3 cups thick sour cream.
3 cups moist sugar.
1-2 teaspoon soda.
1-4 teaspoon baking powder.
Add enough flour to mix very stiff, pour into shallow pans and bake.

CREAM SLAW.

1-2 head of cabbage.
4 tablespoons vinegar.
1 tablespoon sugar.
1 1-2 tablespoons thick, sour cream.
Salt and pepper to taste.
Chop the cabbage fine, add vinegar, sugar and pepper, stir well and add cream.

LEMON SHERBET.

1 pint sugar.
1 quart water.
1 tablespoon gelatine.
Juice of five lemons.
Soak the gelatine in a little of the water. Boil one cup of the water, add the gelatine, then the sugar and lemon juice, and turn into the can to freeze.—*L. E. G.*

FARM NOTES.

James K. Reeve says in the *American Cultivator*: "An acre of dry corn fodder, as usually fed, will keep a cow about one hundred days; an acre of clover hay about two hundred days; an acre of good ensilage about seven hundred days."

The "scaly leg" on poultry is caused by a minute insect which burrows beneath the scales. Washing them with a mixture of skimmed milk and kerosene, well mixed in nearly equal parts, is a certain and rapid remedy, the kerosene killing the insect, and the milk preventing the danger of injury to the fowl, which might result from using the oil pure.

Just look around some day and see how the barns can be made more comfortable for the stock, and more convenient and pleasant to do the work in. A few steps saved every day is a great deal in a year. It costs nothing to plan improvements, and when well planned the way will suggest itself for accomplishing some of those most needed. In a great many old barns the first thing thought of would probably be more sunlight.

It is a fact that if farmers would take the trouble to find out whether the poultry pays or not, the poultry would pay better than it now does. I mean by this that closer attention would result in better profit, and if they would take the trouble to investigate they would find out so much about the possible profit that they would begin to do their best to increase it. Without much doubt the poultry pays a larger profit upon the capital invested than any other general branch of farm industry.—*Ex.*

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T. A.

JUBILEE CONFERENCE Y. M. C. A.

On Friday evening, June 1st, the thirteenth or jubilee conference of the Young Men's Christian Association of all lands opened in London. The first conference, held in Paris in 1855, was attended by thirty-five delegates, and its presence in the city was unknown save by a very limited circle. The conference that has just closed was attended by nineteen hundred delegates, representing twenty-six nationalities, five thousand Associations, and a membership of half a million. The opening was signaled by the knight of George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Associations. This honor was in recognition of his services to the young manhood of the world. The London city council voted \$5,000 for a reception to the members in the guild-hall, and on Monday evening, June 4th, presented Sir George Williams with the freedom of the city. This is rarely given except to royal personages. Three Americans have had this honor, General Grant, George Peabody and Henry M. Stanley.

Long before the opening of the service at Westminster Abbey, on Friday evening, the sittings were all taken. The music by the Abbey's famous choir, joined at times by a multitude of voices in many tongues, was grand and inspiring. The service was printed in English, French and German, enabling most of the nationalities to participate. Dr. Temple, lord bishop of London, who officiated, is an extemporaneous and popular as well as a thoroughly evangelical preacher. His text was I John ii:14. He strongly endorsed the four-fold work of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Following this memorable service a reception was given the delegates at Exeter Hall, the home of the central London Association. The large auditorium seats over three thousand people, and was filled to overflowing. Sir George Williams presided. In opening he said: The delegates had come to London with their hearts full of love from almost all the ends of the earth. The city of London welcomed them, the nobles and great people welcomed them, the Prime Minister and the Queen welcomed them, and all beloved friends of the Association welcomed them. The authorities in high places had never recognized the spiritual work that the Association was carrying on more than they did at present. The honor which had been conferred upon him he had accepted only for their sakes. The applause that greeted Sir George during his brief address was most demonstrative, and when he referred to the honors conferred upon him by the Queen and by the city the whole audience arose to its feet, and with a waving of handkerchiefs, and with cheer upon cheer, old Exeter Hall, accustomed to enthusiastic meetings, was almost shaken. The venerable William M. Sinclair, D.D., archdeacon of London, delivered the formal address of welcome in English, German and French. It was as strong an endorsement of the Association and their work as one could ask for, thoroughly evangelical, and was delivered extemporaneously. The archdeacon of London said that to few men was given in this life to realize their hopes so completely as had been permitted to their beloved and honored president. It was suggested by certain members of the House of Commons that whenever honors were granted by the Queen, the reasons should be given in the patent conferring the title. In many cases this would be an extremely difficult task, but in the case of Sir George Williams the statement would be a plain one, and an incomparable record of good achieved. The members of the Young Men's Christian Association were all members of one body—the body of the glorious Church of Christ; they were filled by one spirit and cherished one hope; they worshiped one Lord, held one faith, and were baptized in one baptism. The Association was a living protest for the unity of spirit in the bonds of peace, and was a witness of the doctrine that Christ's holy catholic Church was a congregation of faithful men. Throughout the whole world churchmen and non-conformists could here forget for a time their lamentable differences, the legacy of our mistakes in the past, and could join hands in all good works.

The regular session of the conference opened Saturday morning with a welcome meeting led by H. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati, after which Gustav Tophel, of Geneva, president of the world's committee, called the conference to order. The officers elected were: president, Sir George Williams; vice-presidents, Count Bernstorff, of Berlin, M. Alfred Andre, of Paris, Prince Bernadotte, of Stockholm, and H. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati. The opening topic of the conference was "The Presence of the Holy Spirit," opened by Reverend Prebendary Webb Peeploe, London; Pastor Appia, Paris, and Superintendent (bishop) Krummacher, Elberfeld. After singing "God Save the Queen," a telegram of thanks and good wishes to the Queen was sent by Sir George Williams in the name of the conference. Reports of Association work from different parts of the

world followed, G. N. Bierce, of Dayton, speaking for America. At noon dinner was served in a pavilion seating 2,200 people, which had been erected on the Thames Embankment (dinner and tea were served to the delegates here each day). The afternoon was given up to reports from the different countries. In the evening Sir John Kennaway, Bart, M. P., president of the Church Mission Society, presided, and impressive addresses on "A New Departure in Missionary Effort" were made by L. D. Wishard, foreign secretary of the American International Committee, and David McConaughy, of India, representing the same committee; Mr. Robert McCann, from Bombay, and Mr. George Holmes, from Egypt and Palestine, spoke on the same topic.

On Sunday, jubilee sermons were preached by 1,400 ministers in all parts of Great Britain. Special sermons before the conference were preached by Rev. Thomas Spurgeon in the Metropolitan Tabernacle; by Rev. Dr. Meyer in Exeter Hall, and by the Rev. Dr. Parker in the City Temple.

Monday morning Mr. Richard C. Morse, general secretary of the American International Committee, read an excellent paper on "The Work of the Young Men's Christian Association in North America." A reply to the telegraphic greeting to the Queen was received and read: "Private secretary to her majesty telegraphs: I am commanded to convey to you to the delegates of the Young Men's Christian Associations that you have merited the Queen's thanks for your kind and loyal telegram. Greetings!" During the reading of the royal message the delegates stood in their places and afterward joined in singing "God Save the Queen."

In the afternoon papers were read on what is known as the "Paris Basis." In the evening the lord mayor and the lady mayress and the council of the city of London gave a reception to the delegates in the guild-hall. The whole of the immense building was thrown open, and, although thousands were in attendance, at no time was inconvenience experienced. The grand feature was the presentation of the freedom of the city to Sir George Williams. But about one hundred friends of Sir George were admitted to this gathering, and a few Americans will never forget the impressive scene. It took place in the council chamber, where the lord mayor, in full state, accompanied by the sheriffs, presided over a court of the common council, which was opened with due formality by Sir George Monokton, the town clerk. Sir George Williams sat next the lord mayor on the dais and signed the usual declaration.

Wednesday morning was given up to papers on practical Association topics, which were read by delegates from many different countries. These papers were printed in English, French and German, so that most of the delegates could follow the papers as they were read. In the afternoon much important business was transacted. Mr. Robert R. McBurney of New York reporting for the committee having the details in charge. James Stokes and Richard C. Morse of New York were re-elected as the American representatives on the World's Committee. Strictly denominational Associations in countries not now represented were ruled out; Denmark was refused representation, and Norway given it only on the basis of Associations recognizing the Paris test, which includes all Christian young men of whatever evangelical name. The committee asked for 30,000 francs per year for four years, and in a few minutes 25,000 francs were pledged. The next conference will be held in 1898. In the evening a public thanksgiving service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. The vast and beautiful building was crowded, the service was grand and the music especially enjoyable. The sermon was preached by William Boyd Carpenter, the Right Reverend Bishop of Ripon, who may well be called the "silver-tongued orator." He is excelled as a preacher by few, if any, ministers in the English pulpit. He spoke without notes, and his earnest and eloquent words were easily heard in all parts of the building. His text was John vi: 28.

But what can be said in a letter of the great jubilee day, the 6th of June? In the morning, at Exeter Hall, Hon. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia presided and made a most admirable address. He was followed by Rev. Henry Gibson, formerly of Chicago, now of London, by Rev. Canon McCormick, D.D., and Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. The latter address was one of the happiest of Dr. Cuyler's well-known efforts, and the audience was tumultuous in its applause. Brief addresses were also made by Morris K. Jesup and James Stokes. In the afternoon address, gift and telegram poured in from the four quarters of the globe, and from societies of all kinds. In the evening a reception was held in Royal Albert Hall. Its seating capacity of ten thousand was fully tested, yet there was no confusion. Sir George presided. There was music by a choir of five hundred voices, and by the Upsala student choir of sixty voices. There was a gymnastic exhibition, and stereopti-

con views of Association buildings and leaders from all parts of the world. A bust of George Williams, presented by the French Associations, was unveiled by Lord Kinnaird. Addresses were delivered; they were all excellent, none being more enthusiastically received than that by Mr. Wanamaker.

Thursday was a fitting close to this jubilee conference. At 10 A. M. four special trains on two different roads carried 2,200 delegates and their friends to Windsor, which, by order of the Queen, was thrown open to them. The party was received by the lord mayor and lady mayress of Windsor. By special permission of her majesty (a permission never before given to a public assembly) Frogmore was opened and the delegates viewed the magnificent mausoleum of the Prince Consort. A luncheon was served in a large tent erected on the terrace. The delegates were taken through the palace in sections. Your correspondent, with six others, were shown the Queen's private and living apartments—the royal breakfast rooms with Gobelin tapestry presented to the queen by the Emperor Napoleon, the private dining rooms, the chapel and suites occupied by the royal family, the parlors and reception rooms, in one of which is a service of Sevres china worth one million dollars. In one corridor, which is rarely opened to any but the royal family and special guests, is a wealth of treasures from all parts of the world, such as only an empress could possess. Later in the afternoon photographs were taken of the several sections, with the residence part of the castle as a background. At 5 o'clock the farewell meeting was held in the royal grounds. Addresses were made, after which the delegates returned to the city. With this memorable and most delightful day opened a second fifty years of Association history. What shall its record be? T. K. C.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Pacific Coast Young Women's Christian Association, under whose supervision the Bible and Training-school for the young women of the Coast will open at Cazadero July 12th, is an organization for young women similar to the Y. M. C. A. for young men. The same evangelical test of active membership is required, and the work directed in definite aggressive Christian lines for all young women. The Pacific Coast work was established in 1890, with headquarters in San Francisco, and is under a Coast committee, with a traveling secretary. The majority of the members live in this city, while other representatives reside in Los Angeles, Sacramento, Portland and Seattle. Since the establishment of the Coast work, twenty-six organizations have been formed. Two of these are in cities—Los Angeles and Sacramento.

In cities a general work for all young women is carried on. Pleasant parlors, reading and lunch rooms are opened in a location convenient to the business center. The rooms are open to all young women day and evening time, and are in charge of a General Secretary, who is a capable, consecrated young woman, giving her entire time to the work. Through the lunch department, evening classes, boarding-house and employment directory, social and religious gatherings, a large and varied work is carried on among young women.

The Los Angeles Association reports for the month of May two thousand young women brought in touch with the work by the various agencies. The Coast Association is a part of the international work, having headquarters in Chicago. The International Association includes 300 organizations in nineteen States, with thirteen States thoroughly organized. These all reported 1,500 conversions the past year as the direct result of effort in Association Bible classes, gospel meetings and personal work on the part of members.

The work throughout this country and Canada is united with that of Great Britain and five continental associations, forming a world's organization for young women. Upon the Coast three conventions are held each year—one South, another in Central California and a third in Oregon—large companies of young women assembling from colleges and cities to discuss the best methods of furthering Christian work among their sisters. At the recent convention in Oregon a northwest division of the Coast committee was formed, with headquarters in Salem, that through their help the work in the great northwest may be more rapidly developed. Next year a fourth gathering in Washington will be required to properly meet the needs of this large and growing field. A feature is being introduced this year in the Coast work which promises to be of great value to the general work, and this is the establishment of a Bible and Training School for young women. The school will open July 12th at Cazadero, and continue eight days. Miss Effie Price, General Secretary of the International Committee, who has just conducted a similar gathering held each year at Northfield, Mass., will be in charge of the Coast school. All young wom-

en, whether associate members or not, are invited to attend this gathering. Particulars concerning the school may be obtained of Coast Committee, 1037 Market street, San Francisco, Cal. EMMA REEDER, Sec'y.

THE PENTECOSTAL PRAYER-MEETING.

BY REV. J. H. STRONG.

It seems to have been opened immediately after our Saviour's ascension. It is interesting to note the personalities of at least a part of those who had come together to pray; and we might surmise something with regard to the character of this protracted meeting.

First, their personality. All were believers. All were acquainted with the same facts concerning our Lord. All were acquainted with him personally. They had sat at his feet; heard his word; had ministered to him; received his blessing; had all seen him since he rose from the dead.

Second, we may conceive they were in fervent mutual sympathy. It could hardly be otherwise under such circumstances. They loved the same Lord, were of the same faith; their prayers together and their converse now, for I suppose they must have talked with all, were all about the same things—what Jesus had said, the facts of his death, resurrection, ascension. We might conceive of something special that three of them had to say. It was about the transfiguration. The Saviour had told them to be silent about it, keep it hidden from their open testimony till the "Son of man be risen again from the dead." Now was the time to tell the story. And one of the most interesting incidents of that memorable prayer-meeting, as we may conceive, was those three men one after another getting up in the meeting and rehearsing those happenings on the Mount of Transfiguration—the effect it had upon them to clarify the vision of their faith in the dear Lord—how they wanted to stay there, but Jesus led the way down, because his and their work was not finished; and the object was a matter of testimony, to be of witness afterwards that men might believe.

Third—Yes; these prayer-meetings were testimony meetings. Every one bore testimony of his faith and love. Those who had been lame, palsied, sick, diseased, dead, were there. Lazarus was there, and they all got up and told how Jesus had healed them; how to some he said, "Your sins are many, but they are all forgiven you"; to others, "My peace I give unto you." And now, since Jesus had verified himself so in his resurrection, their joy and peace was full to overflowing; and, I conceive, they could hardly hold back their tears for joy of their souls. But, then, this prayer-meeting had another characteristic.

Fourth—It was full of expectancy. They waited the fulfillment of a certain promise. They had come together every day for seven weeks, and much of their conference was about this promise, and all their prayers centered in this one promise. He had told them he must leave them—go away to the Father; but when he should depart he would send them the Holy Spirit to be with them always. And, oh, how they wanted that promise fulfilled! They knew it would be fulfilled, for Jesus' Word never failed them, and they prayed and prayed, expecting he would come. It might be any day—any moment. So they kept together, and prayed for this one blessing. Jesus had told them to stay together till the Spirit should come.

And now it was the fiftieth day since the disciples sat together with our Lord in the institution of the holy sacrament, the Lord's Supper. It was the day of Pentecost. Those assembled now in the prayer-meeting of that pentecostal day didn't know much about the Holy Spirit, whose promised coming they were praying for, but they knew that somehow he was the friend of Jesus, and of a necessity to them, or Jesus would not send him to abide with them and keep company with them to the end.

And lo! while they were praying, and waiting, and expecting, the room became suddenly hushed. Every voice of prayer was stilled, and a strange, unwonted sound filled the room, and a strange sight of luminous light appeared in the room; and now it is divided into bright luminous rays, so bright that they appear like tongues of fire, and each head of these long-praying, waiting ones is crowned with this radiating brightness, the sign and seal of the Spirit's descent upon them.

The scene is changed; prayer is answered, the gift received. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak in new languages, which they had never learned. It seems to have become a grand testimony meeting now. All nations were wont to be represented at Jerusalem at the Pentecostal season, and as the result of this protracted meeting, these believers were so endowed with the Spirit that they could, and did, give testimony for Christ in every language of earth there represented, so that every man heard them speak in his native tongue. The Spirit was present in his convicting, converting power. There had

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never been witnessed such results of a prayer-meeting before.

We are not to think of these believers as continuing their prayer-meeting any longer. They had gone out and intermingled among the vast multitudes which thronged about the temple. We don't know so much about what others said, but the irrepressible Peter is prominent, as usual, and his voice and his word is representative of all. The Spirit carried home his every utterance to the mind, and heart, and conscience, so that many among the multitudes became distressed under conviction of sin, till three thousand of them, under Peter's instruction, became Christians, and joined fellowship with the disciples, and every day, we don't know for how long a time, there were added to the Church "those that were being saved."

SUNOL GLEN.

(To be Continued.)

SALVATION BY "ALTRUISM."

BY REV. DR. G. F. MAGOUN.

This is the latest form of salvation by works. Indeed, that old error always involved what is now dubbed "altruism"; for good works were of necessity understood to be done by a man for the sake of some other—God or man. What is done for one's self, be it ever so righteous and praiseworthy, even if not condemned as egoistic, self-centered, selfish, stands over against what is done for any other, in recent philosophy and criticism. To be sure, Holy Writ does not antagonize them so; the Word "also" in Paul's precept forbids this. For he said to the Philippians: "In lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than himself; not looking each of you to his own things; i. e., not exclusively, 'but each of you also to the things of others.' Take the first of this without the last, and it hardly comes under the Golden Rule. So Scripture never recognizes as 'good' what is done for other men, in ever so self-sacrificing a spirit, if nothing is done for God. 'Whosoever would save his life (setting this above righteousness) shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, shall save it.' Nothing said here, indeed, of losing life for men, but elsewhere, what we do for them as disciples of Christ, we are assured will be counted as 'done unto him,' and that we 'ought to lay down our lives for the brethren'; i. e., as Christian brethren.

But where in Scripture is any or all of this pronounced meritorious or saving? What hope of pardon of one's sins can be founded on it? Are not the Christian hymns nearer gospel than all this altruism?

"Not alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone—
To Calvary alone I flee.
O God! be merciful to me!"

"Then when my holiest works are done
My soul depends on grace alone."

The newest sociology pronounces these inmeritorious works, on the contrary, "redemptive"; and the men who do them redeemers, Messiahs, Christs. Surely, if they save others by them, they must be deemed to be themselves saved in them. This is what we have called "salvation by altruism"; i. e., salvation by works. The apostles, reformers, and Puritans, and the whole body of evangelical believers of every name, rejected this—just this—and proclaimed in its stead salvation alone through the blood of Christ. From this "salvation by grace" Unitarians dissented, and now a little knot of socialistic Congregationalists, following broad churchmen over sea in rejecting an objective atonement, dissent from it. Loyal and evangelical Congregationalists may fail to see this for a while, or be deceived by the "charitable" look of the thing, but it nullifies the cross as the power of God.

It was said last month at Edinburgh, after Prof. Pfeiffer's "Gifford" lectures against supernaturalism, that his "peculiar combination of Christian ideas with an anti-supernaturalistic view of the universe is one which neither logically nor practically can permanently satisfy." So of Mr. Denney's calvinistic doctrines at the Theological Seminary, Chicago, with a suicidal denial of their foundation in the authority of inspired Scripture. No use to build superstructures and knock away foundations on which alone they can rest.

Ritschl's metaphysics is like that of the stoics, of which Mommsen, the historian of Rome says, "It was in so far much the best of all the philosophical systems of the times, as its system was confined to having no system at all, and sneering at all systematizers and all systems" (Rome IV, 667).

The State Board of Horticulture passed resolutions last Saturday in opposition to the strikers.

EDITORS PACIFIC:

This is not for publication, but upon investigation, we think our advocacy will insure for us a change. In the labor we have seen to often set before us. We all join in the chorus, "Don't pay for THE PACIFIC? Why, its mean—so very mean!"

We ask for no oblation, Not even adoration. It's only that our station May help us keep the paper. We so long have prized and read. So when we see it coming, Afar off in the looming, We will read with intense interest, The label at its head.

MRS. E. S.

The undersigned, Treasurer of the California Chinese Mission of the American Missionary Association, acknowledges the receipt of the following amounts from May 17th to June 30th, 1894:

I. From local Missions:	
Fresno—Chinese monthly offerings...	\$3 50
Hanford—Chinese monthlies, \$2.35;	
E. Y. Dolanmeyer, \$1.....	3 35
Los Angeles—Chinese monthlies, \$2;	
New Year's gifts to Jesus, \$11; Mr.	
Cushman, \$12.....	25 00
Marysville—Anniversary cash collections, \$7.90; Mr. and Mrs. Phipps, \$2.50; Chinese monthlies, \$7.25....	17 65
Oakland—Chinese monthly offerings....	10 00
Oroville—Chinese monthlies, \$1.75; anniversary offerings, \$29.50, which constitutes Miss Estelle Chase a life member.....	31 25
Petaluma—Chinese monthly offerings....	1 50
Riverside—Chinese monthly offerings, \$1; anniversary offerings, \$27.....	28 00
Sacramento—Chinese monthlies.....	6 75
San Bernardino—Chinese monthlies....	3 25
San Diego—Chinese monthlies, \$2.55; anniversary offerings, \$22.....	24 55
San Francisco, Central Mission—Monthly offerings.....	10 35
San Francisco, Barnes Mission—Monthly offerings.....	2 50
San Francisco, West Mission—Monthly offerings, \$5; annual memberships, \$8.....	13 00
San Francisco, Bethany church—J. H. Boardman, \$5; H. A. Cortsen, \$1.50; Mrs. J. F. Crockett, \$1; annual memberships, \$4.....	12 50
Santa Barbara—Chinese monthly offerings, \$3.70; anniversary offering, \$3; Yong Kay, \$5.....	11 70
Santa Cruz—Chinese monthlies, \$10.30; anniversary offerings, \$32.15.....	42 45
Saratoga—J. R. Johns.....	2 00
Stockton—Chinese monthly offerings....	4 85
Ventura—Chinese monthlies, \$5.50; anniversary offerings, \$14.50.....	18 00
Vernonville—Anniversary offerings....	4 50
Watsonville—Chinese monthlies, \$3.30; special gifts, \$1.20.....	4 50
Total.....	\$281 15

II. W. H. M. U. of Southern California, through Mrs. M. M. Smith, Treasurer:	
Y. P. S. C. E. of First Congregational church, Los Angeles, \$5.80; Y. P. S. C. E. of Congregational church, Pomona, \$2.50.....	8 30
Riverside gives for Riverside Mission.....	12 00
Total.....	\$20 30

III. Individual gifts:	
Sacramento—Charles Heisen.....	\$50 00
Marysville—John Stevenson.....	30 00
San Francisco—Miss Cornelia Felt.....	25 00
Oakland—Mrs. H. G. Noyes, \$20; Mrs. L. E. Agard, \$15.....	35 00
Total.....	\$140 00

IV. Eastern friends:	
Brewer, Maine—Manly Hardy.....	\$25 00
Wellesley, Mass.—Miss Harriet Gray.....	200 00
Total.....	\$225 00

Grand total.....	\$666 45
Wm. JOHNSTONE, Treas. C. C. M.	

The toggery of ritualism, the strut of ecclesiastical authority, the fawning upon culture and wealth, the handling of the poor and the ignorant in an authoritative way and at arms' length, and the intense exclusiveness and bigotry in religious fellowship, which are found in some sections of the Episcopal Church, have, through life, repelled me from it. But my experience has, beyond all question, suffered for the want of its power of Christian nurture—involvement in its theory of conversion, in some of its ceremonies—its love of ancient ritual and song.—Dr. Austin Phelps' Autobiography.

Oh! God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Dear as our happiness is to him, there is another thing within us which is more precious in his sight. It is of far less consequence in any divine estimate of things how much a man suffers, than it is what the man is.—The Still Hour.

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